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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD

JUNE, 1935

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE CANONIZATION OF A HUMORIST

THERE was once a saintly priest, now departed, who used to say, "The highest vocation is that of the priest, next is that of the humorist." If the apothegm scandalize us, perhaps it is because a few drops of Puritanism or Jansenism have seeped into our soul and we think sanctity a form of dyspepsia or of biliousness. Only last month when this magazine presented an article in praise of satire ("In Cap and Bells"), I heard of one young lady who said she didn't approve of satire, at least in defense of religion. I hope she has read the article.

A Solemn Vindication of Satire

I hope too that she catches all the significance of the canonization of St. Thomas More. For he dearly loved a joke, was not ashamed even of a pun, indulged persistently in jocose flattery, especially of his wife, believed in and used ridicule in the interests of religion, was fond of epigrams and wrote a whole book of them, didn't balk at sarcasm, and carried his love of fun with him even to the scaffold. Father Bede Jarrett, himself something of a saint and a lover of a good joke, notes that in the writings and sayings of St. Thomas More the adjective that recurs most frequently is merry and, adds the late-lamented Dominican, "merrily as he had lived, so merrily he would die." I venture the surmise that the saint would have liked that sentence for his epitaph.

THOSE who don't actually read the lives of the saints but merely pick up an anecdote about them, here and there, may perhaps imagine that when we speak of the wit and humor of the newly canonized St. Thomas, we mean that he timidly ventured a little joke now and again. But the truth is that he was habitually funny. His son-in-law Roper says, "because he was of a pleasant disposition it pleased the king and queen after the Council had supped, for their pleasure to call him to be merry with them. When he perceived them so much in his talk to delight" (the phrasing is quaint but it needs no modernizing)

"that he could not once in a month get leave to go home to his wife and children . . . he began by little and little from his former mirth to disuse himself; that he from thenceforth at such seasons was no more so ordinarily sent for." It makes one think of the verse by Oliver Wendell Holmes, "I never dare to be as funny as I can."

"Without moving a muscle of his face," says Bede Jarrett, "in perfect gravity he could go on with his witticisms hour after hour." He joked so much that no one knew when he was joking. Christopher Hollis makes bold to say that the saint was "an incorrigible leg-puller." Chesterton who, if any man, knows a good joke when he sees it, says that perhaps the biggest of all More's jokes was the book called *Utopia*, so much a joke that it fooled the nineteenth century Utopians who took it seriously. This odd saint joked at home, at court, in prison and on the scaffold. He scandalized the hypocrites by joking when his head was already on the block—the familiar joke about the beard having committed no treason. The truth is that he took death as a joke—not on himself but on those who killed him. He would have enjoyed the story about the sheriff of wild-west days who said, "The joke is on us, we hanged the wrong man." The joke was on the king. He chopped off the head of the wrong man. To-day the criminal is canonized and the king is loathed even by those who benefited by his tyranny.

The Incorrigible Jester

In fine it may even be within the truth to say that Henry killed his chancellor because he feared not so much the chancellor's learning (though he did) but his wit. He was put out of the way because he knew too much and because he was too funny. So funny that he could make the king seem funny. That too was *lèse majesté* perhaps as much as the denial of the king's right to be pope of England. Imagine what More could have said had he lived to see the king take on six successive wives, after having explained that he took the second because of a theological scruple! It would almost appear that the English people didn't see that joke. "Wits have always been rare in England," says Bede Jarrett. It is so even yet. Witness in the Parliament buildings the Prince of Wales's room in which there is a frieze of the six wives of Henry VIII. To me it is the best joke in England, and the best proof that the English don't see a joke. They have had 400 years to catch on to that joke and they haven't caught it yet. Or perhaps they have. Do they leave the portraits there as a joke? If so, the jesting chancellor is once again vindicated. Let us pray that the present Prince of Wales sees the joke in these paintings. It would be horrible if he took them seriously as an invitation to "go and do likewise."

More: The Life of a Lively Court

IN the early days of St. Thomas More, Henry VIII. was the most attractive and winsome of sovereigns. He was handsome and witty and learned. Bede Jarrett says of him: "As Prince of Wales he had been the most popular man in the country, great at almost everything he did, or at any rate accomplished in them all. His music is still readable. . . . His knowledge of theology was remarkable for a king. He was a great athlete. The Venetian ambassador mentions that

the young men of England used to come and watch him play tennis first because he played so well, and secondly because he had such beautiful skin and was very careful to wear shirts that showed the skin through." Later the devil in Henry conquered the angel: the fat beast crushed the lissom athlete, as in that earlier paragon Nero, who from an affable kindly scholarly youth became a monster of bestiality and cruelty.

However, the future saint was not misled by the charm of the fascinating young king. He had even in that early day something of the gift of prophecy. "I said to Sir Thomas," says Roper, who had seen the king with his arm around the chancellor's neck, walking and laughing in the garden at Chelsea, "how happy he was whom the king had so familiarly entertained." "I have no cause to be proud thereof," said More, "for if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go." Castle in France or a new wife, it was all one to Henry.

The Merriest Monarch That Ever Chopped Off Heads

The prophet had also a vision of what would happen to the new wife —the first of the long series of new wives:

"How goeth the world, Meg, and how doth the Queen Anne?

"In faith, father, never better; there is nothing else in the court but dancing and sporting.

"Never better! Alas! Meg, it pitieth me to remember unto what misery, poor soul! she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs; but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance."

But the disillusionment of the people and the fulfillment of the prophecy were still to come. When More was bidden to court to make merry with Henry the young king was at the peak of his charm. Not infrequently the king called upon the chancellor in his home in Chelsea, then a fashionable suburb, walked with him in the garden, joked and laughed with him, while the household looked on with delight from the upper windows. All was well, the world was merry and Sir Thomas More was the life of every regal party. He was lawyer, chancellor, statesman, scholar, humorist. But most characteristically, he was the incorrigible joker.

I LIKE to think therefore (I hope it is not a profane thought), that when the Holy Father on the 19th of May placed the name of Thomas More in the Calendar of the Saints, he canonized a sense of humor. At least he indicated quite decisively that humor and sanctity are not incompatible. Nor would Pius XI. be the first of the popes to appreciate and enjoy the merry saint. Leo X. said of the famous *Encomium Moriæ*, that masterpiece of biting humor by St. Thomas More's best friend Erasmus. "We are much pleased," and though the work is a flaming satire on ecclesiastical persons and things, it was highly enjoyed by Adrian VI., Clement VII. and Paul III. If they enjoyed Erasmus, *a fortiori* they must have enjoyed More, his best and dearest friend.

More and Erasmus Sweet and Bitter

Erasmus was a man of a bitter wit more nearly akin to Dean Swift than to perhaps any other writer in our language, and one who has

again and again been called—though improperly and unfairly—a precursor of the Reformation. It may be well on that account to explain how he and the gentle Sir Thomas More could have so much in common. I quote from an authority vastly more important than my own. It is in fact from not one source, but two, the best two, on Thomas More, Henri Bremond and Father Bridgett. Bremond confesses that in his little book he borrows from Father Bridgett's big one, but he makes some wise observations of his own. The whole passage is important not only as a defense of wit in controversy, but of a saint's friendship with a "dangerous" satirist.

It seems that there had arisen a faction at Oxford who called themselves "The Trojans" in protest against "The Greeks" who favored the humanist movement, or as we may say, the English Renaissance. Their weapon was jeering, jesting and even physical violence. More and Erasmus were indignant at them. The saint wrote a vigorous letter to the University of Oxford in which he protested against a preacher who had in the holy season of Lent raved against Greek literature, Latin culture and all the liberal arts. More speaks of his having "in the very temple of God in the presence of the Venerable Body of Christ turned a Lenten sermon into a Bacchanalian farce."

Says Bremond: "That is the great danger of all discussions from which wit is not excluded; and the severest of directors would no doubt have hesitated to forbid More or Erasmus to use their wit in their writings. At first sight it seems as if irony ought to be rigorously excluded from all Christian polemics, but in practice this redoubtable weapon will remain necessary so long as pure reason proves insufficient for the guidance of men and the removal of abuses. Their pens may have slipped now and then, but the two friends believe they might be satiric in all security of conscience. 'Its satire,' says Father Bridgett, speaking of the *Moriæ*, 'is moderate compared with that of many previous writers whose faith and loyalty to the Church have never been called in question.' Satire on ecclesiastical persons—whatever opinion we may form of it—must not be confounded with the ridicule cast by heretics on divine dogmas or institutions, or practices approved by the Church. There never was one day in his life when More would have applauded or tolerated an attack or a sneer at anything which he knew the Church to have countenanced."

OBVIOUSLY the question arises whether the use of wit and satire as a remedy for ecclesiastical abuses may not provide a weapon to heresy. My own opinion is that heretics will find a weapon any way, and that it is not satire but the abuses which invite satire that provide the most effective weapon for heresy. When all solemn warnings and heavy theological denunciations fail to remedy an evil within the Church, it would seem to be the cue for the entrance of the satirist. There are situations in which a poinard is more effective than a blunderbuss. As Father Tabb puts it epigrammatically:

"One word of well directed wit
A pebble-jest, has often hit
A boastful evil and prevailed
Where many a nobler weapon failed."

Monsignor Belford, himself a lover of wit and a purveyor of wisdom, keeps that quatrain at the masthead of his ever sparkling little paper, *The Mentor*, and I have yet to find any reader of that unpretentious sheet who doesn't agree that it serves the Church well when solemn laborious theological argument serves it poorly or not at all. Be it noted by the way that Father Tabb inscribes above that pithy verse the title "David and Goliath." The giant came at the shepherd boy with a battle-ax and missed him, or rather couldn't even get near enough to make a swipe at him. The youngster with a sling shot finished the ogre. It's a parable as well as an epigram.

A Little Satire Now and Then

SOME will say that no such circumstances prevail nowadays as in the decades immediately preceding the Reformation. The Church is not now riddled with abuses, no Renaissance with its pagan vices threatens to scuttle the bark of Peter. In these days whatever minor evils are to be corrected, may be admitted honestly and openly; no reformer need take refuge in parables, serio-comic Utopian suggestions or Erasmian Encomiums of Folly. True — to a degree. We have not now in the Vatican a dilettante Medici like Leo X., still less that beastly Borgia Alexander VI., who wore the tiara when St. Thomas More died in defense of the chief prerogative of the papacy. But if any conservative Catholic reformer cares to demonstrate his notion that there need be no oblique attack upon the evils that now and always militate against the good of the Church, let him come out and speak directly, I will not say with the fierce fury of a Savonarola, but with the simple zeal of Rosmini's *Five Wounds of the Church*. And we shall see what we shall see.

The Oblique Approach

The honest truth is, as every keen observer is aware, that there are at this moment enough incipient, and not-so-incipient abuses in the ecclesiastical organization to work future, and not-so-far-future disaster if they are not checked. Many of these evils cannot be smashed with a frontal attack. Exposition, enumeration, demonstration, all the good old heavy weapons in the Scholastic armory, cannot touch them any more than David could have reached Goliath with the clumsy sword of Saul. The pebble does the trick. If it doesn't, then I am afraid that we shall have to accept the cataclysmic theory of history, the thesis that once evils commence, they accumulate with fatalistic certainty and work up to catastrophe. Then the smash and a new beginning. And so without end.

ONE final word, if you please. The opponents of satire as a means of reform will say that satire did not prevent either the Lutheran or the Elizabethan revolution. Well, neither did the ponderous theological argumentation of Dr. Eck and a hundred other controversial champions. Neither did the learned decisions of the Universities, nor the belated but terrific excommunications that emanated from Rome. Perhaps what Erasmus and More were attempting, the one with mordant sarcasm the other with a gentler but none the less incisive wit and humor, was not to be done.

Laughter, an Adjunct of Logic

But let no one say that when a theological battle is to be fought we must throw away the rapier of wit and use only the broad-ax of laborious logic. St. Thomas More loved the joking method and used it. If we had more like him, the Great English Apostasy might have been averted. I only regret that he was too mindful of the "divinity that doth hedge a king." If he had but turned his raillery full against the fat degenerate hexagamist, he might have laughed him off the throne.

I HAVE not thought it necessary to bolster up with samples the argument that the newly canonized St. Thomas was habitually j o c o s e. Most of his jests are well known. You may find a whole volume of them in Father Bridgett's collection, *The Wit and Wisdom of Thomas More*. But there is one accusation I have made which I really must substantiate, the accusation that he was not ashamed to pun. It seems that having lent fifty crowns to an attorney, who showed no disposition to repay it, he ventured to give a hint on the subject; but the borrower commenced to moralize on the contempt of riches and the sinfulness of hoarding up money. He told More that, whether lawyers or citizens, we should not set our heart on money; that our time in this world was brief, and that it behooved us to remember the maxim, *"Memento morieris."* ("Remember, you shall die.") "There you have it exactly," answered More; "follow up your maxim my friend: *Memento Mori æris*" ("Remember More's money")!

One writer who records that excellent pun (S. Hubert Burke in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for February, 1883), says solemnly that this is perhaps the only instance of Sir Thomas More's taking any pains to recover money. I think the writer missed the joke. Sir Thomas probably made the pun knowing that it lessened his chance of getting the money. He thought a joke, even a pun, worth fifty crowns.

THERE for the nonce let us leave the saint who was a wit and a humorist. I have made no attempt to discourse upon his life. I leave that to the learned. But I do fancy that some readers of this magazine will like to think as I do that when the pope the other day canonized St. Thomas More he gave solemn sanction to the idea that there is something holy about humor.

Why I Am Anti-League and Anti-World Court

WORD has come to my ears, indirectly, that certain scholarly persons who favor the League of Nations and international coöperation in the interests of peace, have criticized the Editorial on the World Court that appeared in these columns in March. They consider it badly informed. Very well, I am always anxious to be better informed. With the purpose of gathering information and banishing ignorance I read almost all that comes my way in regard to the organized movement for international amity. Unfortunately, the more I read the less I like the League—and its child, the C o u r t. Time was when I was almost convinced that the League of Nations could do—or would at least attempt to do—what it promised. Time was when after a speech or a bit of writing in behalf of peace I used to receive warnings, "Don't let the internationalists get you." I laughed at

that, and reminded the critics that the Catholic Church was an international organization, and that Catholics are even etymologically internationalists. I used to applaud the idealism of Woodrow Wilson. To go the full distance and confess the whole extent of my *naïveté*, I even believed in him, voted for him and thanked God that we had him for president.

Then came disillusionment. He that had placed "The Freedom of the Seas" among the first of his fourteen points abandoned it while still on the seas on the way to Paris. He that had coined the felicitous phrase "Open covenants openly arrived at," went into secret session as a member of the Big Four at Versailles, leaving the Little Entente and all the other small fry to stew in the juice of their honest wrath outside. He that so eloquently declared the principle "Self-Determination of Small Peoples" really seemed to speak only for the small peoples that had been cruelly treated by our enemies, not the small peoples who had been tyrannically oppressed by our allies. He that seemed to have the makings of a great statesman, became a partner in the meanest, most vicious, most disastrous, most impossible "peace" ever compacted, that at Versailles, the cause of all our later troubles.

BUT my disappointment with Wilson, my chagrin at having been let down by him, were as nothing compared to my shame at the cowardice, futility and general helplessness of the League. A dozen opportunities, major and minor, occurred to test the sincerity—not to say the efficiency—of the League. It tackled some of the minor jobs but side-stepped the major ones. Certain good friends who had sat in at Geneva and Locarno—internationalists themselves—told me sadly and reluctantly that the delegates to these conferences didn't believe in themselves or in the purposes for which they were gathered. Only last month in these columns I quoted a passage from *The American Diplomatic Game:* "There is no audience in the world so disillusioned, so discouraged, so superficial as the carefully dressed gathering which gathers periodically at the League of Nations to discuss the ills of Europe. Its members are polite, suave and indifferent. They applaud modestly at the right time, and adjourn to the cloakrooms to say what they really think." The two newspaper correspondents, Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown, who subscribe that statement had apparently first-hand information. But I needed not their authority except perhaps as putting in stronger phrasing a fact that I had already learned from sympathetic and judicious eyewitnesses. I had even been assured that the delegates to the Disarmament Conference met not to disarm but to try to "put something over" on one another.

The League Doesn't Believe in Itself

In a word it seemed to me that the League was a noble piece of idealism wrecked by hard-boiled realists. And the more I have read and have heard, the deeper that conviction becomes fixed in my mind. And for the same reasons that I do not like the League, I do not trust the Court.

But, as I say, I am still eager to learn. And if any of those who called my remarks on the World Court ill-advised will have the pa-

tience and take the trouble to set me right, I will acknowledge their corrections humbly and publicly.

But in order that they may not waste time and effort in conveying information that I already possess, it will be well to tell them just what I would like to know.

My difficulties center about three points.

FIRST: Secret Treaties. "Open Covenants" was the first point and to my mind the most vital point in Wilson's splendid program. Secret covenants if not the chief cause of war are the chief cause of suspicion, and suspicion is perhaps the chief cause of war. If we are to go into the League of Nations, the first and simplest guarantee we have a right to demand is that the members of the League will play fair with one another and with us. An elaborate program of international coöperation is absurd unless all the coöperators are permitted to know exactly what is going on.

Very well, then. On page 69 of *The American Diplomatic Game* by Pearson and Brown (the volume referred to above) there is a circumstantial story about a secret naval agreement between France and the British Empire. Is the whole story a hoax? Or was there indeed such a treaty? And was the transaction fair to Italy? Or to any other member of the League? If France and England can concoct a secret treaty and guard it from all their League companions (it would be guarded yet if it hadn't been for the ungodly skill of some of Mr. Hearst's sncopers), would they not be up to the same tricks if we, the United States, were in the League? Would all such Machiavellian and Talleyrandian tactics suddenly cease if we were to join the League?

Can We Change the Leopard's Spots?

As the fellow said who was asked for the loan of a thousand dollars, "I haven't got it, but thanks for the compliment." We haven't the magic to make these shrewd and shifty European diplomats behave, but thanks for the compliment.

That's only one case. One that was discovered. Are there no others undiscovered? How are we to know? If France and England are capable of double-crossing Italy, what assurance have we that they, or some other duo or trio of members will not double-cross us if and when we come in?

SECONDLY: I have never been able to determine whether the League and the World Court have arranged any sanction for their decisions. It would seem that they have not.

Again I refer to Pearson and Brown. On page 147 Mr. Stimson then (1924) our Secretary of State, is said to have "staged a newspaper tea" at which he explained at some length that the United States could not enter upon any treaty that mentioned the word "security" for France (or presumably for any other nation) because such an agreement would involve "a moral obligation to use the armed forces of the United States against an aggressor should consultation fail."

And that is precisely what in my ignorance I have imagined to be a just implication of Article X of the Covenant: "The members of the League undertake to . . . preserve . . . the territorial integrity . . . of all members of the League." I have tried again and again, but always in

vain to get an authoritative official interpretation of that article. I don't know what it means. Do my instructors know? It seems to mean that we must do something if one member of the League, for example Japan, encroaches upon the territory of another member, say China. We must do something! But what? Something effective? Something forceful? Go to war? Launch a boycott? And did not Japan tell China that boycott means war?

When the Gran Chaco war commenced, Mr. Cordell Hull is reported to have said, "I lay awake all night considering . . . and I finally decided that I could not be responsible for a decision by which the United States might be obligated to send warships up the Parana River."

Or up the Yang-tsze? Or up the Rhine? Or into Shanghai Harbor? Unless and until the signatories to that covenant agree upon what it involves, I don't see how we can sign. When St. Teresa of Avila was founding her many convents, enemies, some of them "realtors" and others ecclesiastical tried to play tricks upon her. But she was shrewd. "We are very simple ignorant women," she said, "but we have learned not to sign anything without first reading it." I am only a simple ignorant amateur in world politics but I will not sign until I read and I will not join unless I know what I am joining.

THIRDLY: I hope I may be permitted to say without specific demonstration that I feel we Americans are Babes in the Woods when there is a question of diplomacy. The Europeans can give us cards and spades and take our money away. I see no indication that they have ceased to indulge in smart practices. On the contrary the news of every day tends to show the contrary.

So, of the League and the Court and all international compacts, I am wary. The longer I live and the more I see, the more I think I understand what George Washington meant by "foreign entanglements."

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

By Theodore Maynard

IT is not my intention at this time to attempt anything like a formal critical estimate of the work of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Such an estimate, however inadequate it may have been, I made at the time of the publication of the *Collected Poems* in 1921.[1] During the fourteen years since then the poet has more than doubled his poetic output — a fact that should deter any critic from trying to weigh, without serious thought and preparation, a bulk so great, a content so varied. My concern at present is rather with the man. Any references I shall make to his poetry will be merely incidental.

On the other hand this is not intended to be anything in the nature of an obituary notice, stuffed with facts and dates. I must confess that were I to write anything of the sort I should be obliged to piece it together from the several books written upon Robinson where these details are to be found.[2] It is worth noting that the biographical facts included in these works are far from abundant. When the official Life is written, I suspect that the biographer will find his task a difficult one. For Robinson was never expansive about himself, and neither asked nor gave many confidences. Though he was a prompt and regular correspondent, his letters were business-like and to the point. These, however, are at least likely, for that very reason, to correct many of the legends told of his early years; and there are fortunately still alive some friends who knew him during the time of his long obscurity.

I came to know him during the summer of 1920. And I came to know him very well, though without knowing much more (in the way of biographical facts) at the end than I had known at the beginning of our friendship. The most interesting of these facts was that he had been discovered by Theodore Roosevelt. Even while President, Mr. Roosevelt was an omnivorous reader, with a practice of reading a book a day. And among the books that fell into his hands was *Captain Craig*. Recognizing a remarkable poet, he wrote to Robinson summoning him to the White House. But the poet, lacking the fare from New York to Washington — moreover, having no presentable clothes—did not answer the President's letter. A second letter also going unanswered, a telegram came from Washington. The matter could no longer be ignored, so after consulting a friend Robinson followed his advice and wrote to the President explaining his situation. He probably had feared that a visit to Washington might lead to social lionizing and the publicity he abhorred. But the President was only anxious to give him practical help. Robinson would not take a consulship in Mexico, but he did accept a sinecure in the New

[1] This article appeared in The Catholic World for June, 1922, and later as a chapter of my *Our Best Poets*.

[2] In particular might be mentioned the studies of Robinson made by Amy Lowell in her *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, and by Ben Ray Redman, Lloyd Morris, and Mark Van Doren.

York Custom House—resigning this four years later, as soon as he found that he could dispense with it. At last editors and publishers were taking an interest in him, and a group of admirers had pledged themselves to guarantee the income he needed for his very simple needs. He was now free to devote himself entirely to poetry.

As I came from England—where American poets are usually ignored unless they provide the wildness and woolliness English readers expect from American poets—I arrived at Peterborough, N. H., in June, fifteen years ago, with very little acquaintance with Robinson's work. It so happened, however, that during a previous visit to America in 1909-10, I had come across some of his poems in magazines. And I was able to tell him how deeply I had been moved by his "Pasa Thalassa Thalassa," and that at a time when I was just beginning to try and write verse myself I had been so captivated by the movement of that poem as to attempt to imitate it. Robinson was always intensely interested in the impression his poems made, so without trying to ingratiate myself I found later that I had done just what would ingratiate myself. I think all this was part of his modesty. He had of course a suspicion that he was a great poet, but he was always careful to say that no poet could trust his own judgment of his own work. When he found that a Professor Coste at the Sorbonne was lecturing upon him, it did not in the least puff him up, though naturally it pleased him. He would have been pleased if a policeman or a waiter told him that they had read something of his and had liked it.

I ventured to lend him the couple of books of verse I had then written, and immature though they were, he was kind in his criticism. It rather flabbergasted me when he said, "I envy you your lyrical quality." But this of course was the quality in which he was most deficient—though later in *Tristram* and elsewhere he contrived to compass it.

Quietly and unobtrusively a friendship grew up between us that summer, a friendship that lasted until his death. I had been assigned the room opposite to his in Colony Hall. And every evening we played pool together, no work being permitted at night in any of the studios for fear of forest fires.

To get to my studio I had to pass his, and though I never ventured to call on him there (that being one of the rigid rules of the MacDowell Colony), he frequently would beckon me in when he saw me passing. It was on one of these occasions that he produced a sonnet, written in pencil in that small, sloping, difficult script so peculiar to himself. He only wanted to ask me whether the title would convey anything to the reader. It was later printed exactly as it stood as "The Tree in Pamela's Garden." As I was the first person to see it, and as I had some share in confirming the title, I shall set it out here.

"Pamela was too gentle to deceive
Her roses. 'Let the men stay where
they are,'
She said, 'and if Apollo's avatar
Be one of them, I shall not have to
grieve.'
And so she made all Tilbury Town
believe
She sighed a little more for the
North Star
Than over men, and only in so far
As she was in a garden was like
Eve.

"Her neighbors — doing all that
neighbors can
To make romance of reticence
meanwhile—
Seeing that she had never loved a
man,
Wished Pamela had a cat, or a
small bird,
And only would have wondered at
her smile
Could they have seen that she had
overheard."

At the MacDowell Colony he was the uncrowned king. And he went there every year—though as a rule a "Colonist" was permitted only two summers. Always the stone studio with a view of Monadnock was reserved for him, and the same room in Colony Hall. And it was tacitly understood that a certain place in the dining-room was "Mr. Robinson's." He would deprecate this and get a little irritable at any suggestion of special privileges, but as nobody would think of occupying his chair, there was nothing for him to do but to sit in it himself. Only people that he liked sat at his table. The process of elimination was subtly effective: to those whom he did not like he did not speak—and even a stony deafness might descend. So they were soon glad to betake themselves elsewhere. This was not rudeness, but mere inability to talk with those with whom he had nothing in common. Even with his friends he was taciturn, preferring to listen than to talk. He listened intently, staring out owl-like behind his steel-rimmed glasses. If he was interested his eyes would twinkle, his lips purse or twitch. Never once did I hear a sound of laughter issue from him. A kindly, humorous dourness was his, something a little bleak. From whence he drew his comfort nobody could guess, but he was obviously in his own way a happy man. In this connection, however, I recall him once asking me if I knew Alfred Noyes. "Noyes," he said, "is a man I like. He is a happy man—that is in so far as a poet can be really happy except when he is actually producing poetry." This must have been the spring from which Robinson himself drank.

Generally we spent our evenings playing pool. In those days I could beat Robinson in two out of three games. But he played with grim seriousness to the last shot, even when his position was hopeless. When I went back to the MacDowell Colony ten years later, I found myself no match for Robinson. By sheer force of determination he had made himself a good pool player, still playing as though the fate of the universe depended upon the game.

Sometimes we would walk down to the village. It was on one of these occasions that we had a brief talk on religion, and it was Robinson who brought the subject up. "Maynard," he said, "I suppose that you and I would use a somewhat different terminology about such matters, but I think that at bottom we hold much about the same beliefs." I mention this because he has sometimes been called a fatalist and an agnostic. It is not clear how this can be deduced from his work—at least it must be said that if a case in support of this description of him could be made out, another of a different sort could also be deduced. His poem on St. Paul, "The Three Taverns," like the poem in which he imagines an interview between Nicodemus and Caiphas, indicate a deep sympathy with Christianity. And "The Man Against the Sky" ends in

an affirmation of his belief in immortality. Of course reverence and sympathy are compatible with skepticism. But I record what I know.

One other thing. Some years ago William Thomas Walsh, the author of *Isabella of Spain*, was staying at the MacDowell Colony. Robinson, with whom he became friendly, told him that he found himself unable to sleep. "I can help you in that matter," said Mr. Walsh, who went down at once to the Catholic church in the village and arranged for a Mass to be said for the Holy Souls. "Did you sleep last night?" he asked Robinson the next morning. "Very well indeed. It must have been due to the fact that I did not drink coffee at dinner." "Oh, drink all you want to; you'll still sleep." The following day Robinson asked him, "Is this some magic of yours?" Mr. Walsh explained what he had done, and that it was a method he used when he wanted something very badly. Getting this story only at second hand, I suspected that it might have been doctored. So when I next saw Robinson, I asked him about it. "Yes," he admitted, "that's exactly what happened—though I don't know what the suffering souls in Purgatory had to do with it."

But whether or not Robinson had any very explicit religious beliefs, at least his life was always to me something that was extraordinarily edifying. For one thing he never spoke a harsh word of anybody, though he could have spoken many. The nearest I ever knew him to come to anything of the sort was when he told me after his visit to England that among the people he had met there was Arnold Bennett. "His greatness does weigh heavily upon him—but he manages to support it." The owlish eyes twinkled.

With all this went—or rather it sprang from—an habitual tolerance. He understood the devious ways of the heart too well to venture to pass judgment on anybody. "Who am I to do it?" he would ask. Pity and loving-kindness are not only at the core of his work but of his personal character.

As he would not judge others, so he would not estimate himself or his work except with extreme caution. I should not describe the quality as humility—for there was about him no touch of self-abasement—but it was a very genuine modesty. With a quiet dignity, entirely free from self-assertiveness or self-consciousness, went self-respect. And these qualities in Robinson won the respect of everybody with whom he came into contact. For it was clear upon what they were founded.

No man in our age hungry for publicity was so completely contemptuous of it as Robinson. Perhaps "contemptuous" is too strong a word—for Robinson was never heard denouncing those who sought cheap decorations or a brief moment in the limelight—that was not his way. But he very successfully avoided even the kind of publicity which he might have sought without loss of dignity, as well as the other—the more meretricious variety. Those who wanted to meet a celebrity could never catch him: or if they by some chance got within reach of him he became at once blind, deaf, dumb and (if necessary) maimed. Yet he could unbend, when he was sure a chance acquaintance was not attempting any intrusion. Of his own accord I saw him autograph a "Sweet Caporal" cigarette (the only kind of cigarette he ever smoked, as he claimed to be the only smoker of them) for a young

lady who had taken his fancy. But he would never appear in public. Not one speech did he ever make in his life; not one line of his verse did he ever read before an audience. When on May 8, 1927, a reading was given of his *Tristram* a day in advance of publication, he refused to attend. Only with difficulty was he persuaded to go to the theater—which had been so crowded that many had stood—to meet a few friends after the performance was safely over.

Tristram, by the way, is a poem upon which he asked my advice on a minor point. One of its great scenes is where Tristram comes in with roses only to find Isolt abducted, whereupon he drops the flowers on the floor. Originally the flowers had been asters. We dined together one evening while he was correcting the proofs. And Robinson suddenly said to me, "Do you know in what kind of place, or at what season of the year, asters grow?" I did not, but weakly suggested that when we got back to his room, we might look the matter up in Bacon's essay on "Gardens," if he had a copy of the *Essays*. But there was no mention of the matter there. So I said, "Well, why not roses; roses are always safe." And roses they became. Later I reminded Robinson of this, and he said gloomily, "Yes, but they should have been asters."

So strong was Robinson's desire for complete privacy that only his intimate friends knew where he lived. His name was not in the telephone book, and *Who's Who in America* gave his address as care of his publishers. From time to time he permitted somebody whom he could trust to give an account of him, but never was his exact address divulged. All that the world was allowed to know was that he lived somewhere in the neighborhood of East 42d Street. When the obituary notices appeared, the address at last was mentioned, 328 East 42d Street. But the description of it ranged from an "apartment" to an "attic." It was neither, but a large comfortable room with a bath, and a closet almost as large as a small room. The house was that of his friend James L. Fraser, the sculptor, with whom he had lived previously on West 8th Street.

This leads me to say that just as Robinson was indifferent to the spotlight of publicity, so was he also detached from all material things. He seems to me the most detached man I have ever known. Among the letters from him which I have preserved, one of the earliest is headed 810 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn. It was an invitation to dine with him there (this was in 1920) after our return from Peterborough. I found him living in an apartment shared with a friend, who was out that evening. Robinson cooked steak and potatoes and made coffee strong enough to keep me awake all night. I was at once struck with the indifference to external conditions evident in the place. Everything was very neat and clean; nothing was in the least squalid; but everything was bare to the point of austerity. There were no books about except a few that he happened to be reading at the time. And the furniture was of the most commonplace sort.

This was not due to poverty, for some months later when in writing to him I indicated (as I suppose I did without intending it) that I was at the moment in somewhat straitened circumstances, he sent me by return a substantial check, assuring me at the same time that there was

no need for me to be in any hurry in repaying him.

In West 8th Street, and again at 328 East 42d Street, I noted the same disregard for material comforts. In his last address he lived for ten years, and one would suppose that a literary man would accumulate possessions of some sort —at least books and pictures. Well, two paintings he did have, which he hung up because they were presents from a friend. But there were hardly any personal belongings in evidence. On his table and in his closet he kept a few books. But I wondered what happened to the many books that must have come into his hands, and could only infer that he threw them out of the window as soon as they had been read, as Napoleon—another great reader—used to hurl a finished book out of his coach as soon as he had done with it. If it is inspiring to go into the library at Abbotsford and see around one the vestiges of Sir Walter Scott, or into the humble rooms of Dove Cottage and see what few poor possessions contented Wordsworth, it is to me more inspiring to reflect that Robinson left nothing behind him—no room even that anyone would want to turn into a small museum—nothing.

It must have been for this reason that he never married. He was the reverse of a misogynist, as may be discovered from his poems. Where outside of Shakespeare do we find such a gallery of enchanting women as in Robinson? The two Isolts of *Tristram*, each so charming and so clearly differentiated; the warm-hearted Althea and the cold, beautiful and learned Karen—the ivory fish—of *Talifer* are cases in point. Where out of Browning do we find such an understanding of women? As the psychological discernment would take some time to illustrate at all convincingly, I take instead out of *Tristram* part of that scene in which Gawaine and Isolt of Brittany are talking—

"On a stone bench with vine-leaves over them,
And flowers too many for them to see before them,
And trees around them with birds singing in them,
And God's whole gift of summer given in vain."

Gawaine is not in love with Isolt, or making love to her, but he attempts to describe to her what her own beauty is:

"The longer I observe and scrutinize you,
The less do I become a thing of words
To bring them into action. They retreat
And hide themselves, leaving me as I may
To make the best of a disordered remnant,
Unworthy of allegiance to your face
And all the rest of you. You are supreme
In a deceit that says fragility
Where there is nothing fragile. You have eyes
That almost weep for grief, seeing from heaven
How trivial and how tragic a small place
This earth is, and so make a sort of heaven
Where they are seen. Your hair, if shorn and woven,
The which may God forbid, would then become
A nameless cloth of gold whiter than gold,

Imprisoning light captured from paradise.
Your small ears are two necessary leaves
Of living alabaster never of earth,
Whereof the flower that is your face is made,
And is a paradisal triumph also—
Along with your gray eyes and your gold hair
That is not gold. Only God knows, who made it,
What color it is exactly. I don't know.
The rest of you I dare not estimate,
Saving your hands and feet, which authorize
A period of some leisure for the Lord
On high for their ineffable execution.
Your low voice tells how bells of singing gold
Would sound through twilight over silent water."

Yet Robinson hardened his heart against such beauty, because marriage would have meant obligations that would have interfered with the writing of his poetry—and he was determined that nothing should interfere with that. At the end of his life he used sometimes to speak with a trace of regret—but not much more than a trace—about his having refused to accept the responsibilities of normal men. If poetry had gained, there was much in life that he knew himself to have lost. But he permitted himself to say these things only after it had become too late to alter them. I am certain that if he had had his life to live over again he would have remained a second time sternly celibate. It was to him the price to be paid, the necessary sacrifice. He had seen with a devastating clarity that as conditions are in the modern world it is virtually impossible for a man to devote himself completely to poetry, and at the same time support a family. He was soon made aware that he would have to wait a long time for recognition. He was obliged to wait a long time before he could make a bare living even for himself. So he imposed upon himself for the sake of his vocation what were virtually religious vows.

His austerity had become a habit when in 1927 *Tristram* had a phenomenal sale and brought him in $20,000. The success made him perhaps a shade less dour but—so far from making him proud—it did not even noticeably elate him. As for the money, he simply did not know what to do with it. I was seeing him frequently just before and just after the publication of his best-seller, and I could not observe any greater change than I have indicated. It is my belief that he did not spend a hundred dollars more upon himself than he usually did after he had made what was for him a fortune. One would have imagined that he might have treated himself to a trip to Europe; but no, a new long poem was stirring in his mind, and he was conscious that he was beginning to get old. So Peterborough saw him as usual the following summer.

Nothing new was added to the furnishings of his room, not even a radio or a phonograph. There was nothing he wanted. A car would have seemed to him positively sybaritic. To have passed safely through his three periods of total neglect, of partial (but slowly increasing) recognition, and then of resounding fame was an acid test. And never was there a man who came through such a test with greater credit to the

balanced strength of his character.

But then Robinson—without being in the least eccentric—was in all things unique. In no way was he an oddity, but in everything he was himself. He had preserved his own integrity at a great cost, living his life and doing his work, unobtrusively, in quiet dignity, asking nothing except to be left alone. He might have taken as his motto the sentence from the *Imitation*, "As often as I went out among men, so often I returned less a man." Neither à Kempis nor Robinson regarded all contact with their fellows as necessarily damaging; but both understood that unless those contacts are very carefully made they are sure to result in the entanglement of the spirit. For this reason Robinson may be described as a saint of literature.

His method of work—at any rate during his later years, which was when I knew him—was peculiar to himself. During the winter he was quiescent. He read a few manuscripts for Macmillan's, and he read a great many books—mostly in the line of detective stories. But he wrote virtually nothing until he got to Peterborough in June. The last time I saw him there was in 1931. He was slow in getting to work, and was reading the Bible and Shakespeare by way of inducing inspiration. That season, by the way, was the one in which he produced his last collection of short (or comparatively short) poems under the title of *Nicodemus*. Several of these were on Biblical subjects. But for some reason or another he was not quite at his best that summer, and was talking a good deal about being an old man, and—one must confess it—beginning at last to show signs of age and weariness, though the candle flared up again before the end. Generally the summers were spent in steady, happily executed work; and every summer resulted in a new book.

Upon returning to New York for the winter Robinson would become as near to being a hibernating animal as is possible to a human. A little work, indeed—as I have said—there would be, and with this just enough reading and social intercourse as would prevent him from sinking into absolute torpor. Those who knew his habits would always know where and when to find him. I would call—never before noon—at 328 East 42d Street, where Mr. Fraser's butler would let me in. I was allowed to find my own way to the top of the house where was Robinson's room. My knock would bring him out in his pyjamas, rubbing sleep from his eyes. "Ah, Maynard!" he would say, "Come in, and I'll dress, and then we'll go and have some lunch."

Even in the matter of lunch his detachment would appear. The first restaurant that looked at all passable would do. East 42d Street is not exactly a famous center of cuisine. The furthest we ever got along that street was to the Grand Central Station—and a man who will take a meal in a station unless he is absolutely obliged to do so conclusively proves his indifference to food. Beyond a slight preference for fish, Robinson did not seem to mind what he was eating. I don't think that I am particularly fussy about my food, but I should often have preferred to walk a little further, or to take a taxi. But taxis in Robinson's eyes were used—unless out of dire necessity—only by the vulgarly self-indulgent; and so long as the food was eatable what did anything else

matter? One somehow took all this for granted while one was with him.

It was at one of these breakfast-lunches in an East 42d Street restaurant that I told him of an extraordinary man about whom the Meynells had told me. He knew miles of Robinson's poetry by heart and used to insist upon reciting it. "That must have been Louis," said Robinson. "I'm afraid he did rather bore people when he got on to the subject of me." Then I got from him the story of the original of *Captain Craig*. He was an English Jew named Alfred H. Louis. In some way he was connected with the Rothschilds who were grooming him for a brilliant career in literature and politics when—to everybody's astonishment—he became a Catholic. Cast off by the Rothschilds, and with Gladstone an active enemy because of what he had written in his book *English Foreign Policy*, he drifted to America where he could find no other occupation than talking. He had known most of the great men of his time in England and America, and had sat for the portrait (so he said) of Mordecai in George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*. He was a poet, and apparently a good one; but he lacked incentive. But nobody seemed to know how to utilize the gifts of a man who to all accounts was one of the best living classical scholars and (according to Robinson) the most remarkable talker he ever met. "In those days I was pretty shabby myself, but I used to feel a little ashamed at being seen with old Louis," Robinson confessed. Nevertheless he and other young men used to gather around the eccentric for the pleasure of listening to his marvelous conversation. Some flavor of this Robinson has kept for us in his poem.

"I, Captain Craig, abhorred iconoclast,
Sage-errant, favored of the Mysteries,
And self-reputed humorist at large,
Do now, confessed of my world-worshipping,
Time-questioning, sun-fearing, and heart-yielding,
Approve and unreservedly devise
To your and your assigns for evermore,
God's universe and yours. If I had won
What first I sought, I might have made you beam
By giving less; but now I make you laugh
By giving more than what had made you beam,
And it is well. No man has ever done
The deed of humor that God promises,
But now and then we know tragedians
Reform, and in denial too divine
For sacrifice, too firm for ecstasy,
Record in letters, or in books they write
What fragments of God's humor they have caught,
What earnest of its rhythm."

I have always suspected that Robinson learned more from this distraught genius than he ever learned at Harvard. The lines—

"God forbid
That ever I should preach, and in my zeal
Forget that I was born an humorist"—

might almost be Robinson's own epitaph, if only there were added something that was not in Alfred Louis (or Captain Craig) but which

is quite definitely to be found in the much greater pupil. In the end Louis went back to England, where he became hopelessly insane, and before his death reverted to Israel. It is no more than a guess, but I fancy Robinson said what he did to me on the subject of religion because he regarded himself as a Cragian- or crypto-Catholic. It was never the Robinson style to be explicit about his deepest convictions. That was a matter between himself and God.

Now it has all come to an end, and Robinson[1] is only a treasured memory to his friends. All of these valued him more for what he was in himself than for anything that he ever wrote, though many people believe that he was the most important writer America has ever produced. It is of the man that I am writing now, and looking back one notices things that one formerly overlooked, simply because of the matter-of-fact way things were taken by Robinson and those who for the time being were in his company. For instance, I notice now that though Robinson was old enough to have been my father (I was not yet thirty when I first met him) there was never any condescension on his part on that account. Still more remarkable, between a man who was a celebrity and a man who was nobody of any special importance, a perfect equality was always taken for granted. I suppose that Robinson liked me because it never occurred to me to treat him with deference. With him there was no other way than that of giving and taking on an equal footing.

I believe that these are the marks of a really great man. Our world has many clever men, and a still greater number who make their way through self-asserfiveness and consequentiality and skill in advertising (or selling) themselves—stuffed shirts. Here was a man who was genuine all the way through, with an unparalleled singleness of purpose in his work, and with a personality which (despite his almost bewildering subtlety of mind) was of so simple an integrity as to seem at once stern and shy. His work depended on his life, but—looking back upon him as I knew him—his life appears to me even greater than his work.

[1] He once told me he simply had to use the "Arlington"—much as he disliked doing so. He never signed his name except as E. A. Robinson. More often than not his name appeared in the papers as *Edward* Arlington Robinson. There may have been people who addressed him as "Edwin," but I never heard that familiarity and do not believe he would have permitted it. Some of his friends called him "E. A." In my friendship with him the English mode was fixed from the start—"Robinson," "Maynard."

LEGEND

By Virginia McCormick

CHILDREN who begin life in small towns or better still, real country, are the only ones who know the intimate joy of contact with animal and vegetable life at first hand. I shall never cease to be glad that I was one of those children of fortune. We lived in a small town, a long, narrow village with a single main street, and one cross street, usually designated by such titles as Main and Church or High streets, according to the secular or spiritual uses of the chief building on the cross street, marking the typical village.

Main Street has of course all the small town shops; the Dry Goods Emporium, the combination dry goods and grocery shops, the rickety green grocery, its shelves adorned with cut-paper hangings held in place by cans and jars of any and all things exciting to the young imagination. Outside the narrow door, upon the sidewalks of Main Street itself, the green grocery, with its faded green and red sign, shows to the passing world its realistic announcement of farmers' produce, tomatoes, corn, beans, piled high upon improvised shelves of pine board laid across wooden horses for the long summer season, replacing them with boxes of odd-sized oranges and slowly ripening bananas and slightly wilted cabbages, buried the summer before, when the frost begins to mellow the golden pumpkins, pronounced "punkins," and the tricky persimmons.

Any one who has lived in a small town will feel at home in mine; there are certain ineradicable marks of kinship between villages, differing only in degree and locality. All villagers subsist intellectually, in a measure at least, upon legend. There is the legend of the big snow, the legend of the rainless summer, the legend of bumper crop year or of the year when both wheat and corn failed: legends of this and that to while away the all too long hours of the short winter days. Summer days are too busy to need whiling away; they take care of themselves. Quite suddenly, with the flash of a blue wing in a leafless tree, a tireless town becomes conscious of time in the universal scheme and winds its clocks and watches that have been forgotten all winter.

The gardens and small fields adjoining the houses that sit well back from the street, a little disdainful of the neighboring cottages that squat brazenly upon the sidewalks, must be plowed and planted. Sheds must be painted and fences too; rose bushes pruned and crab apple trees dug around. The big business of spraying apple orchards is no concern of the small town,—let the farmers worry about that,—but all villagers have at least an apple tree and two or three crab apple and pear trees for the family jellies and sweet pickles. The average small town anywhere will consume more sweet pickles than Boston. My particular small town rejoices in the name Battletown, earned during the Civil (or uncivil) War, and jealously guarded.

Our Main Street is like all the

main streets and our cross street is called Church Street, because its northern end is buttressed by the Episcopal church, lovely in architecture and charming the eye with its soft yellow bricks and red tiled roof, its giant cedars and silver maples and the riot of English ivy and white clematis, trailing over the graves and climbing the mellow pink brick wall. Diagonally across the street is the courthouse, a fine example of the Baroque, colonial period, and the new jail ugly and aggressive, but spotlessly clean. As a jail it has its qualities one presumes, for the windows stand open to the warm spring winds and the criminals hang from the ledges chatting merrily with their friends who pass.

Among our legends there is one of a mob that delivered from the old jail, with much violence, a white man who was accused of a misdemeanor against a Negro. The doors were battered down with crowbars and the windows smashed with stones, only to have the jailer poke his head from an upper window with the query: "What in hell you-all a-doing, waking folks up like this? Nothing ain't locked."

Another legend to which I can bear witness is that of an armed mob of "poor whites" marching upon the town with the avowed intention of hanging a Negro and my father, who had defended him successfully against a very serious charge, which was afterwards proved a case of mistaken identity. We were warned early in the evening of a warm summer day that an army of riffraff was marching from several directions, gathering strength as it came and the mayor of our town thought it best to put a guard around not only the jail, but our house. The last my father refused absolutely to allow, feeling no fear for himself or us.

About 10 o'clock Father very casually went to bed and to sleep and the family was ordered to do likewise. After the house was quiet my brother, who was fourteen and the possessor of a real shotgun, stole softly down the stairs, intent upon being a hero at all costs. Nothing happened and he too fell asleep a little before midnight, but alas, he dreamed that the mob was at the door and fired straight through the oriel window before he was fully awake. Mother came dashing barefoot and sleepy-eyed to see where the noise came from, and he was sent disgustedly to bed. Father did not wake at all and next day we learned that when the mob, which had dwindled, rather than grown, reached the big hill above the town they had dropped their sticks and staves, fleeing precipitately from imagined terrors of police! We realized then that Father knew the people and judged them with an unerring instinct.

Many are the wartime legends and in my childhood we were divided between the delights of the Negro stories, told at twilight by Mammy Sukey and the Thousand Dollar Nigger, and those of the stirring meetings that took place between members of the same families when Sheridan's army arrived, and first cousins came face to face in opposing armies. There is a legend that my grandfather's house was burned by order of a near cousin, whose older brother had been his roommate at Princeton and who lived across the border in West Virginia. I cannot vouch for this, but I do know that the house was burned and that my wonderful mahogany

secretary, where Grandfather kept the plantation accounts, and which in my early youth still bore the marks of his toddy glass, was borne from the flaming building by faithful slaves, losing the brass eagle that adorned the top, and it is only in the present generation that one was discovered in an antique shop to replace it. There is a legend of an encounter between my aunt and Major McKinley, afterwards President McKinley, in which she outwitted him, and after the war he was greatly interested in her story of recovering her herd of cows, which had gone the way of cows in a war-swept region, but not all the way, for they never became beef. The real point to the story was that after she had wheedled from the gallant Major a permit to get them *if she could*, she not only did so, but came out of the pen of bellowing beasts with an extra, and very good, milch cow. Lagnappe, as they say in New Orleans!

Our home, Rose Hill, named for my mother and the horde of rambler roses, Baltimore Belle, Seven Sisters and all the old-fashioned sweet smelling climbers, is a big gray house set upon a high hill, about two city blocks' lengths from the main street of the town. Trees being a special hobby of my father's, the yard was and still is, a lovely grove of many and varied trees, and a little brook trickles through the bottom of the grassy lawn. We believed, on the authority of Mammy Sukey, that a demon lived there; red-headed and one-eyed, he carried a lantern invisible to us but enabling him to see us if we strayed that far from the house after dark. It is with difficulty still that on my yearly visits to the old place I restrain my feet from breaking into an undignified run when I cross the little bridge at night. I always look stealthily about me, peering into the shadows of the cyprus tree which dips its feathery fingers into the cool waters of the brook, caressing the fragrant mint, tall and erect upon the banks. There is a legend also about this mint: that one of America's greatest bishops once had a mint julep made of it in combination with fine old brandy and said that it made him know that all the good things of the world were not meant for sinners. Back of the big, square house was a garden, a calf lot, where the young calves were shut away from their mothers, barns and horse stables, for we had fine Kentucky horses, a hundred head, always intended to make the family fortune and ultimately destroying it. There were two hundred acres of arable land, corn and wheat and the fallow fields, heavy with blue grass and throbbing with the new life of young colts, the wisdom of old mares and the ambition of arriving standard bred Kentucky trotters, in all stages of development, the most aristocratic animals in the world. There are many legends of star colts, slated to become world-wide heroes, and some of them did, but not until they had passed into other hands, for Father's law practice did not leave him enough time for practical management of a stock farm and it was a costly fad rather than a financial success.

We children rode any and all horses that we were allowed to back and one of my sisters specialized in riding those that were forbidden. Many were the falls we had, but no real disasters, and except for one brother who was a daring and magnificent rider, the girls outrode the boys, to our great delight.

Perhaps the outstanding legend

for me is the one of the red ants and the bacon rind. One day in summer Aunt Ann and Mother were sitting on the long porch, baskets piled high with sewing and stockings to be darned, for we were of the Wordsworthian seven even then and later grew to a family of nine, close upon each other's heels, with all the vigor and enterprise of country children and not even the decorum usual to small town ones. I was in the hammock, my nose in a book, as was my wont; my next sister, only fourteen months my junior and a brother less than two years behind her, were playing a game on the floor, in the cool shadows of the trumpet vine. Mother and Aunt Ann were talking in their smooth lovely voices, when suddenly my attention was arrested by the words *red ants*. I would probably have remained oblivious to the subject of conversation but a few days previous Mammy Sukey had told us a red ant legend. She had said that there was no use in Randolph, the butler, sprinkling insect powder around the pantry windows and putting the legs of the big brown oak refrigerator in tomato cans of water, with kerosene oil floating in globules on top, and red pepper showing fiery streaks.

"Dar ain't but one cure foh red ants," she expostulated, shaking her woolly head with its gay bandanna twisted to a witchlike peak and showing a fringe of graying naps all around its edge. We loved Mam' Sukey's hair; it was so neutral and kind in color; neither weirdly white like Uncle Tokie's nor menacingly black like Randolph's. Mammy Sukey was always ready with a new remedy for pests; legend held her in its thrall.

"No, suh, dat ain't nuttin' but time lost a-foolin' wid dese new fangle idees."

Randolph was deaf and skeptical so he went about his business quietly and deftly, but his lack of success with scientific methods was voiced by Mother, who was telling Aunt Ann that despite everything recommended by the family druggist and Randolph's own idea of the tomato cans of oily water the red ants throve and multiplied.

Noiselessly I slipped from the hammock and through the nursery window, which opened on the long porch and stole up to Mammy Sukey, who was rocking the baby's cradle with one foot and telling a story in a whisper to little Ann, aged two. I whispered my query: "Mam' Sukey, what is it that gets rid of red ants?"

She shook her head: "Go 'long, chile, you ain't got no bizness messin' wid such truck."

I begged so hard and promised so many things, such as not waking the baby to see if he were dead, or getting up early in the morning to finish a cherished chapter that had been taken from me forcibly the night before, that she yielded to my entreaties and told me in stage whispers that if you laid a piece of bacon rind in the sun and got as many as three red ants on it, then stole quietly to the side fence of *anybody's* home and flung it over in the grass, letting it rise high in the air and fall upon the lawn, the red ants would leave the house from which these three had gone and follow them.

That seemed easy, all except finding a victim for the red ant pest, for I had a conscience and a highly exaggerated idea of my duty to my neighbor at that stage of my development. The first thing to do was

to beg a bacon rind from Aunty Mel, the cook, tall and bony like an Indian, but with a heart of gold towards all children. She was in her most melting mood so I soon had that much of the ammunition requisite for war on red ants. The next move was to choose my confederates. Peggy was of course my first choice, being nearest me in age and of a yielding disposition, and where Peggy went there went Hugo, so he needs must be the third of the trilogy, for it seemed to me too serious an undertaking to be managed by two.

I crept to the side of the porch and whistled our own special call, a raucous combination of catbird and cardinal notes, very irritating to the birds themselves, who frequently cried their disapproval over our heads. My confederates immediately pricked up their ears and though Mother sought to keep them in the shade of the porch they begged to go and sit under the sugar maple tree, taking their game with them, and we were in secret conference in less time than it takes to tell it.

The question before us was whom to victimize, though we did not express it just that way. Peggy was in favor of one of our poorer neighbors whose cotton-headed tribe waged continual warfare upon us with rotten apples, stones or any available missiles. Hugo begged for the Methodist minister to whose home we could take a short cut across the orchard and avoid the brook and its demon after dark.

That I was sure would never do; if we were found out it would be attributed to our Episcopalian background and start an intensity of feeling that I was old enough to know would mean trouble. It gave me an idea, however. Why not send the red ant pest to our own minister? He seemed always especially happy when reading about the plagues and afflictions that beset the Biblical characters. My proposal met with instant adoption. The rectory was an ugly, unpicturesque house behind the church, with a high set of front steps, a porch which had no railing and a yard that never had any flowers in it. There were no ministerial children, and the rector's wife had thin straight lips that never encouraged us to intimacy. I know now it was her great cross that she had no children and she desired above all things to have children love her, but was shy and ill at ease with them. The minister was different; life seemed all joyous for him, and that was why he could not pull a long face even over the plagues of Egypt. We had a moment's qualm over afflicting him with red ants, but were soon reassured by the memory of his beaming countenance. Yes, the rectory was by all odds the best place for red ants and it was far enough away to present a real difficulty should the transferred ones be seized with nostalgia.

Mammy Sukey had impressed upon us the knowledge that to be effective the feat must be accomplished after dark, and herein lay the unspoken fear which beset the three of us. The demon was abroad after dusk and we had to cross the bridge over the brook to reach the rectory.

It was easy enough to run away from home just after supper when Mother was putting the baby to bed and Father reading the Alexandria *Gazette*, but it took all the courage we could muster to face the demon. However, we caught the three red ants on the bacon, and then three more in case something happened to these, and put them in a bottle.

All went well, as they say in the story books, and after supper we crept quietly past the demon's lair, hoping to escape detection, but we heard him chuckle as we left the bridge, which warned us t h a t he slept not, neither did he move in ignorance of our passing.

Up the main street of the village we went, as if it were our regular habit to wander abroad after dark, answering with all decorum possible the chaffing of the Jew merchant and the green grocer as we passed their still open stores. We skirted the church and the graveyard, arriving unseen at the side of the rectory, with its tall paling fence. Here, in the shadows of a big oak tree, the ants were shaken from the bottle and three of them replaced upon the bacon rind. Next the rind was thrown high in the air by Hugo, who, by right of being born male, threw in a straighter line than either Peggy or I, d e s p i t e the fact that he was younger and shorter of arm.

The deed was done! We turned and fled, leaping the bridge over the demon's lair with a shout of triumph. No one asked any questions and for four days we waited. Then we heard Randolph tell Mother that the red ants were all gone. We s m i l e d knowingly at each other. Randolph was not in the secret; he was a doubter. Only Mammy Sukey believed that we had done it.

On Friday morning at breakfast Mother told Father that the minister and Mrs. Martin were coming to supper that night. We could hardly breathe, we were so tense with excitement. Six d a y s ago we had thrown three apparently innocent red ants into their yard and Randolph no longer even went through the form of dusting the windowsills with an evil smelling powder or putting water and red pepper into the tomato cans which still held the feet of the refrigerator, like particularly shabby dressing slippers on a squat brown idol. We wondered, and I think we feared a little, what the evening would bring forth, for the older children always came to the table unless there were really formal gatherings.

When the remains of b r o i l e d chicken and fried tomatoes had been cleared away and the big ham removed from in front of Father to the side table, because the minister said he just could not eat even a sliver as thin as paper, much less another beaten biscuit or crisp golden waffle, Randolph put in front of Mother the two rabbit molds of blancmange, one of chocolate, rich and brown, and the other creamy white with chopped almonds showing through, both surrounded by a quivering sea of wine jelly. Then he brought the little round sponge cakes, with a coating of powdered sugar, that we had hungrily watched Aunty Mel making and we no longer concerned ourselves with the memory of red ants and bacon rind and probable punishment, but surrendered to a season of pure enjoyment.

However it was short-lived, for just as I raised my first spoonful of c h o c o l a t e blancmange and wine jelly, having gone through agony to decide between the white and brown lusciousness before me, and it was half way to my mouth, Mrs. Martin, with her thin lips, which always seemed to express surprise, asked Mother if she had been bothered with red ants and Mother told of her good f o r t u n e in getting rid of them through Randolph's vigilant methods. Mrs. Martin, it transpired, had just acquired red ants; indeed they had first been noticed last Sunday.

We looked at each other surreptitiously, growing white about the gills and suffering an immediate loss of appetite. Mother looked at us and saying that our eyes were probably bigger than our tummies, told us that we might be excused and go out on the lawn. We escaped gratefully, not even asking to be allowed to take the sponge cakes with us nor answering Randolph's whispered accusations of eating something forbidden before supper.

We h u d d l e d miserably on the front porch steps, awaiting the hour of judgment, for it never occurred to us that we would not be called into Mother's room and faced with the consequences of our guilt.

The evening passed and nothing happened. When nine o'clock struck and Mammy Sukey called us we heard Mother telling Mrs. Martin what Randolph had done to get rid of red ants.

Once safe in the nursery we began to regret the blancmange and wine jelly. Mammy Sukey felt so sorry for us that she filched three sponge cakes from under the very eyes of Randolph and we ate them in bed, with consequent discomfort from crumbs and s u g a r, but we were happy in our wickedness and triumphant in our escape from justice.

The years have brought me something that for lack of a better word we call wisdom, but I was a woman grown before I awoke to a belief that those three red ants on a strip of bacon rind had not blazed a trail for hordes of them from our pantry to the rector's refrigerator and sometimes even now I wonder if it is not worth trying!

FOLDED WINGS

By Ruth Merrill

IN those close-treasured years, now far away,
Before the night you slipped from me and passed
Out of our little time into God's vast,
Star-bounded peace, you often used to say,
"My wings are 'round you." At the close of day,
Weary and dazed, I found myself held fast
In the warm quiet of your love, and cast
My troubles backward, and again was gay.
Now, as I homeward plod each empty night,
The little house is waiting for me, filled
And sweet with children's laughter; and I cry,
"This place is desolate and dead. The light
Is quenched in ashes. Oh, since thus Thou willed,
Teach me to suffer, Lord, till I may die!"

NEWEST ROME

By Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J.

MAKING out historical parallels and analogies may have its perils but it is not without its attractions. Here in Rome attention is being called these days to some analogous aspects in the careers of Benito Mussolini and that extraordinary figure of a Pope, Sixtus V. One of the aspects alleged will engage us here, the concern of both celebrities for the physical improvement and embellishment of Rome.

The classic boast of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble had apparently more of rhetoric about it than of fact. The archæologists assure us that Roman brickwork came in only with the Augustan age. But one need be in no doubt as to the nature and extent of the contribution made to the material development of Rome by Felice Peretti, the Franciscan friar and one-time shepherd boy who sat for five memorable years in the chair of Peter. On the day he rode on his white mule, as Popes did of old on such occasions, to receive consecration in St. John Lateran's as Sixtus V., Rome was by and large a medieval city. At his death, only five years later, it had ceased in substantial measure to be such. It had taken on what was in the eyes of contemporary observers an astonishing aspect of modernity. What Sixtus achieved under this head during his brief pontificate is a living tradition in Rome to this day. The fourth centenary of his birth, occurring in 1922, was not allowed to pass unnoticed. He was acclaimed as the "creator of the new Rome"; the glowing pages which Ludwig Pastor has devoted to his activities in this connection being reissued in artistic format to mark the occasion.

The Rome which the fifth Sixtus looked out on at his accession to the papal chair sprawled along both sides of the Tiber in the low-lying, unsanitary flats of the Campo Marzio and the Trastevere. It did not reach to the Seven Hills at all. These were uninhabited and uninhabitable. Lack of water had turned them into deserts, the superb Roman aqueducts which once supplied their needs having been smashed to pieces by the invading barbarians a thousand years before. It was a dream of Sixtus to make the hilltops fit again for human habitation. To this end he tapped a system of springs sixteen miles from Rome and had their crystalline waters, to which he gave his own name, Felice, conveyed across the Campagna to the city. With water available the deserted heights began to blossom into life and a movement to occupy them for residential quarters set in. It was the first step in the making of the new Rome. And the hilltops were not alone in enjoying the Pope's bounty. The new flow of water was made to reach the lower city also, where it still runs, feeding daily some twenty-seven fountains. The pedestrian in Rome on a hot summer day who encounters a drinking-font labeled Acqua Felice may well bless the memory of the great pontiff who gave the city this boon that has lasted down three hundred and fifty years.

Another dream was before the dynamic Sixtus and gave him no rest till he turned it into fact. This was to give Rome a system of rectilinear streets. Here and there a straight line of communication had been laid out, as Julius II.'s Via Giulia and Alexander VI.'s Borgo Nuovo. But in the main, Rome was at this period a maze of mean, crooked lanes and by-streets crisscrossing in all directions. Belloc has sung the praises of the crooked street. It is a matter of exultation to him that a certain great city has never known the "curse" of the straight street. Clearly an urban winding way, if it be also broad and airy, has its charm, not to say utilitarian merit. But the twisting lanes and alleys that made up what one may call by courtesy the street system of a sixteenth century European capital, created a condition of things from which a twentieth century public would turn in horror. The least of the resulting evils was that ease and rapidity of communication between the different quarters of the city bordered on the impossible. This grievous situation Sixtus set himself to remove and the decisive motive urging him thereto was a religious one. Then as now the chief attraction drawing pilgrims to Rome was its churches. With a view to the convenience of the pilgrims and no doubt of the local population also, Sixtus pushed through a plan by which the great basilicas visited especially in seasons of jubilee were linked together by rectilinear streets.

The controlling idea of the Sixtine *piano regolatore* was simplicity itself. Of all the shrines of Rome, the one dearest to the Pope was St. Mary Major's on the Esquiline, where he chose to be buried, the Sixtine Chapel, which incloses his remains, being often reputed the most splendid in the city. This celebrated church Sixtus made the center of his plan. From it new streets, all of them straight, were made to radiate in various directions. One ran to St. Lawrence-outside-the-Walls; another to Santa Croce; another to St. John Lateran's, this being an existing thoroughfare improved; still another to Santa Maria del Popolo, substituted by Sixtus for San Sebastian on the Via Appia, which he thought too difficult of access. Strange to say, the new arteries of urban communication laid out by Sixtus did not include one connecting St. Mary Major's with St. Peter's. But the street, San Giovanni Laterno, which he ran direct from St. Mary Major's to the Colosseum, is on an axis the projection of which cuts St. Peter's Square. Had more years been granted him, the resourceful Pope would apparently have continued the Via San Giovanni Laterano this far. Of all the streets which owe their existence to Sixtus V., Via Sistina is the most distinguished. The view down its entire length from the rear steps of St. Mary Major's is one of the most engaging in the city. Taking off in a gentle drop from the Esquiline, it rises to the Viminal, drops again only to ascend the Quirinal and in a last undulation reaches the Pincio, the obelisk of which stands out in sharp outline at the end of the picture.

Fresh water and straight streets did not exhaust the cornucopia of good things which Sixtus poured out on the papal city. He built enormously; the mere catalogue of his constructions in the way of palaces, churches, monumental tombs and the like running to an imposing length. He put up the Lateran Palace, completed the Quirinal, installed

the Scala Santa, housed the Vatican Library in superb new quarters, set up the obelisks in better sites, brought the cupola of St. Peter's to a glorious finish. All his works were inspired by a religious *motif;* they were the expression on its architectonic side of the great Catholic revival of the Cinquecento. He has been censured for ruthless spoiling of certain monuments of pagan antiquity; but he was not blindly hostile to the artistic legacy of the ancients. He had the reputedly Greek statues known as the Horse Tamers restored and set up before the Quirinal, where they remain to this day. He rescued Trajan's Column from surrounding squalor and saved the equally precious column of Marcus Aurelius from certain destruction.

The most amazing thing about the Sixtine program was the rapidity with which it was carried through. Five years sufficed to advance it to the extraordinary stage of completion it had reached at the Pontiff's death. Architects and engineers were always lagging behind him. A present-day Italian *savant,* discussing the febrile energy of Sixtus V., concludes that he must have borrowed the motto "time is money." The Benedictine Abbot Grillo, revisiting Rome after the passing of Sixtus, found almost no vestiges remaining of the Rome he had known ten years before. The city had become unrecognizable, so many, so splendid, were the streets, piazzas, buildings, fountains, obelisks and other improvements with which the late Pontiff had made it beautiful. Among the titles to fame with which Sixtus V. comes down in history none is better grounded than the fact that he was "the creator of the new Rome."

If the "new Rome" of Sixtus V. was the wonder of his age, the "newest Rome" which is taking shape today before one's eyes bids fair to become an outstanding achievement of our own. The public address of a few years ago in which the head of the Fascist régime announced his plans for the remaking of the Italian capital was something more than an address. It was, as the present Governor of Rome, Prince Boncompagni-Ludovisi, has expressed it, a decree. Notable things were said by Signor Mussolini on the occasion; that Rome must be made to appear marvelous to its hosts of visitors as the Rome of Augustus appeared marvelous to contemporaries; that the monumental remains of the classical age would have to rise "giant-like" in "necessary solitude," a result to be achieved by clearing them of the superincumbent *débris* of the ages and making them stand out in clear, open spaces; that, similarly, the historic temples of Christian Rome were to be freed of all parasitic constructions and given more distinguished settings. Much of this aggressive program has already been realized. The Holy Year pilgrims of 1925 saw almost nothing of the transformed city. The pilgrims of 1933-34 could saunter about amid broad scenes of classical Rome conjured up by archæological skill and official municipal concern for the city's gripping past. The *mot d'ordre* of the new program is "isolation." To isolate this or that is the major step in the process of restoration now under way.

To see newest Rome in the making one first takes a stand at the throbbing center of the metropolis, the Piazza Venezia. To the right rises that fascinating pile, the Palazzo Venezia. Built by a Pope a

generation before Columbus sailed for America, it is still upstanding and intact, as who can doubt seeing that the Capo del Governo has set up his official headquarters in its gilded halls. At the south end of the piazza is Italy's national monument to Victor Emmanuel II., its back flat against the Capitoline. In the new work of restoration it became the logical point of departure, two stately avenues having been laid off from its base, to the right the Via del Mare, to the left the Via dell'Impero.

Sweeping in graceful curves around the slopes of the Capitoline, the Via del Mare links up with the Ostian Way, now a great motor highway to the sea. To create it, whole blocks of houses had to come down and entire streets were obliterated from the city map. One or other church was sacrificed in the process, as St. Rita's, behind which a five-story Roman house unexpectedly came into view. On the other hand, St. Francis of Rome's celebrated convent of the Tor de' Specchi, a precious survival of the Quattrocento, now stands out in fine relief. The impressive view down the Via del Mare from its take-off at the base of the National Monument terminates at the Theater of Marcellus, the lesser Colosseum erected by Augustus to the memory of his lamented nephew, whom all readers of Vergil will recall. Cleared of the mean constructions that huddled about it, the lordly edifice is seen at last in right perspective. At its edge was formerly the Piazza Montanara, which picturesque spot with its girdle of stuccoed houses and memories of St. Francis of Rome is now a thing of the past, swept away to make room for the Via del Mare. All that is left of the locality is a medieval house and the church of San Nicola in Carcere, built into a pagan temple, the columns of which are now exposed. The unique setting which this historic shrine dedicated to St. Nicholas of Myra has received will balance the loss of some quaint surroundings. Meantime from the level of the Via del Mare as it circles around the Capitoline one looks up in fascination at the historic hill. The sides have been made lovely with artistic landscaping, in which the Italians are past masters, and scattered plantings of olive, laurel and myrtle to typify the perennial youth of the people that have wrought all this change of scene, as one may read in a big-scale Latin inscription set up against the hillside.

To-day the premier thoroughfare of Rome is by all odds the Via dell'Impero. It sweeps forward majestically in a straight line from the east end of the National Monument to the Colosseum, the world's most famous ruin looming up enormous at its terminus. To provide easy communication between the celebrated amphitheater and the heart of the city was a problem that taxed even the ancients, who thought to solve it by an eighteen-foot street. The major reason why the Via dell'Impero found a place in the new city-plan now being pushed through was a utilitarian one, as officials of the municipality are at pains to point out. Archæological and æsthetic motives had weight in the issue, but what was decisive was the need of a broad, up-to-date artery of traffic joining Piazza Venezia, Colosseum and, beyond, the rapidly filling up district outside the Porta San Giovanni, where Rome expects to see a second million added to its population in the next fifty years.

As late as 1928 the whole fascinating area traversed by the Via dell'Impero was a welter of tortuous by-streets and grimy, yellow-washed stuccoed tenements. To-day, with the houses razed and the streets obliterated, it is one huge outdoor archæological museum. The most important remains brought to light are those of the imperial forums, those busy centers of civic life which one emperor after another laid out after the original forum had ceased to answer the needs of the ancient city's growing population. A notable panoramic view of the archæological zone broadens out from the exquisite little garden recently opened on the east edge of the Capitoline in memory of the Fascists who fell in the Revolution of 1922. In the foreground, at the foot of the hill, are the imposing ruins of Julius Cæsar's Forum and of the Temple of Venus. On the far side of the Via dell'Impero cluster, block after block, the remains of a whole series of imperial forums, Trajan's with its Market, Augustus's and Nerva's. Trajan's Market, a three-story hemicycle of merchants' shops, will not fail to catch the eye. Wedged in between it and the Forum of Augustus may now be seen the palace of the Knights of Rhodes, with its graceful Renaissance loggia. For centuries it was hidden behind shabby, rickety buildings, everybody having apparently forgotten all about it. As background to the whole prospect rise the Quirinal and its tiers of modern constructions with the Torre delle Milizie, Rome's finest medieval tower, topping the entire scene.

Cynical Diderot opined that no building is interesting till it is in ruins. The appeal of ruins, where it exists, may not be an easy thing to analyze. But certain it is that this immense display of broken arches and pillars and shattered masonry leaves one with a vivid impression of "the grandeur that was Rome." Contrasts, too, are plentiful on this spectacular ground, the antique and the modern jostling one another in delightful fashion. Huge, smart-looking auto-busses, the familiar legend for *senatus populusque Romanus* blazoned on their sides, roll along between the remains of the Cæsars' forums. A fifty-piece military band discourses classical music under the soaring vaults of that tremendous ruin, the Basilica of Maxentius.

Plainly the psychological effect of all this resurrection of classical Rome as it survives in stone, brick and marble, is to make present-day Italians increasingly conscious of their distinguished past. A striking illustration of the process is seen in the very recent installation against a retaining wall of the Basilica of Maxentius of four immense maps of parti-colored marble indicating various stages in the evolution of the Roman Empire. The last map of the series shows the empire under Trajan with nearly all the known world appearing in white as conquered territory, the vast fabric of dominion lying over three continents, from Scotland to the sources of the Nile and from the Iberian peninsular to the Caspian Sea. Children and adults, eager, keen-eyed, voluble, gather daily before these remarkable marble charts to drink in their impressive lessons in Roman history.

The restorations in progress are not all confined to the archæological zone centering around the Capitoline. Other sectors of the city have seen or are seeing important works of isolation. In 1928 the wrecking

of some blocks of houses in the Largo Argentina to provide a site for a new public building uncovered the remains of four Roman temples, the existence of which had scarcely been suspected by the archæologists. Mussolini at once ordered the building project to be abandoned and the temples to be isolated and restored, the surrounding area being reserved as a new archæological zone. In the fall of 1933 the old Via San Gregorio, on a line with the route followed by the Roman triumphal processions just before they reached the Via Sacra, was broadened, beautified and dedicated with imposing civic ceremony under its new name, the Via dei Trionfi. Finally, the current year has witnessed one of the most spectacular transformations yet effected in the making of newest Rome. This was the isolation of the Castel Sant' Angelo or, as it is officially labeled, Adrian's Mole, the towering Roman and medieval mass of brick and stone familiar through pictures to millions who have never visited Rome. The accumulated *débris* of centuries has been swept away from its sides, the intramural spaces being converted into a public park. Now every feature of the famous mausoleum and fortress stands out visible to the eye, battlemented walls, bastions, moats, portcullis and the massive pentagonal girdle of brickwork, more than a mile in circumference, thrown around the castle by the Medicean pope, Pius IV. All Rome made holiday when on April 21, 1934, the city's 2,688th birthday, the walks, lawns and children's playgrounds laid out within the castle inclosure were dedicated by the Duce to public use.

Thus the Fascist program for a national capital at once fair to the eye and reminiscent of an age when Roman political genius dominated the world goes steadily forward. New projects of isolation have been announced involving, among other sites and monuments, the slopes of the Capitoline around the Tarpeian Rock, the Valle Murcia, the Circus Maximus, the Mausoleum of Augustus, the Tor di Conti, a massive thirteenth-century stronghold that belonged to the family of Innocent III.; and the Corridor of the Popes, a longish, wall-like structure meant to afford a protected passageway between the Vatican and the Castel Sant'Angelo. The new setting for the Tor di Conti is already under way, while the recently laid out thoroughfare in the Valle Murcia was opened to the public October 28, 1934. In all such projects, whether isolations or new constructions, the note oftenest struck is the grandiose. The Museum of the Risorgimento now in process of erection against a side of the Capitoline bears a Latin inscription which proclaims that the edifice has been built with *"Romana magnificentia."*

Sixtus V. made his new Rome unmistakably Christian. Happily newest Rome is not without its Christian note and an emphatic one. A cross, beautifully illuminated at night, surmounts the Campidoglio, official center of the Roman municipality. Another cross has been planted in the arena of that incomparable relic of imperial Rome, now government-owned, the Colosseum, Pius XI.'s name inscribed on one side of the emblem of Christian faith and the Duce's on the other.

"THE WORLD IS LOST"

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

"THE world is lost, the world is lost!" He said,
Shaking his head.
Shadows were deep in his eyes,
Shadows of terror, of agonies
I had not guessed.
"The world is lost, at best!"
Shaking his head,
He said.

I opened the door. I flung it wide:
Dew lay cool on the countryside.
Fast at the door
Was the rose, as before.
A lark fluttered up the sky, flew far,
Beating its wings on the brightest star.
Gold light dripped from the crystal cup
Of the moon coming up.
Breath of magnolias haunted the air,
And, standing there,
I heard once more the crickets' song;
What was wrong with the world. What was wrong?

I read for an hour. The pages turned
Just as before. My candle burned
Still like a suddenly lighted flower.
I yawned, as I always had, that hour.
My bed was cool with the covers thrown back;
Shadows across it were deep and black,
And starlight fell
Like the tones of a bell
Over my room. I lay there still.
As night grew chill
I said the prayers I had always said
And fell asleep in the selfsame bed.

THE SACRIFICE OF SONG

By Stanley B. James

IN the Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., with Robert Bridges and Richard Watson Dixon which has been recently published[1] there is retold in Hopkins's own words the poignant story of his renunciation of poetry. "My vocation," he wrote to Dixon, "puts before me a standard so high that a higher can be found nowhere else. The question then for me is not whether I am willing (if I may guess what is in your mind) to make a sacrifice of hopes of fame (let us suppose), but whether I am not to undergo a severe judgment *from* God for the lothness I have shewn in making it, for the reserves I may have in my heart made, for the backward glances I have given with my hand upon the plough, for the waste of time the very compositions you admire may have caused and their preoccupation of the mind which belonged to more sacred or more binding duties, for the disquiet and the *thoughts* of vainglory they have given rise to. A purpose may look smooth and perfect from without but be frayed and faltering from within. I have never wavered in my vocation, but I have not lived up to it. I destroyed the verse I had written when I entered the Society and meant to write no more. . . ."

The significance of the *priest*-poet's attitude towards his verse cannot be rightly estimated until we review the whole tendency of English poetry up to his time. If we do that we shall see that it has a symbolic value that is highly suggestive.

It is a commonplace of literary criticism that the glory of the Elizabethan period in English Letters was an autumnal glory, the fruit of a long and painful gestation. "Shakespeare's plays," wrote James Anthony Froude, "were as much the offspring of the long generations who had pioneered his road for him as the discoveries of Newton were the offspring of those of Copernicus." And Carlyle asserted that "in some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan era with its Shakespeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages." That is to say, there had been a long preparation during which literature had had the beneficial discipline of a firm religious faith, and that discipline was now relaxed. The Elizabethans were like a pack of schoolboys released to pour out their pent-up energies in play. *They were* spendthrifts, prodigally generous in the expression of their genius, but contributing little or nothing to the reserves out of which some future renaissance might be born. All that reckless adventurousness and wealth of creative power for which they are admired was really no more than the scattering by some fortunate heir of the riches accumulated by hard-working but obscure and penurious ancestors. The very characteristics of

[1] New York: Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $10.00.

the English drama at this time indicate so much. What strikes us about it is not its severe classical outlines, still less its moral restraint and spiritual depth but its effulgence. It creates its own rules. Neither religious considerations nor academic rules inhibit its torrential outflow. Shakespeare carries all before him by the sheer energy of his genius. His success is due less to careful craftsmanship than to a carefree abundance of material. His mind is in spate. Rhetorical phrases, similes, metaphors tumble over each other. The literary pedant can find a thousand mistakes in his writing but the total effect is magnificent. He does not stay to blot, to amend, to ponder the rightness or wrongness of a situation; all goes down in the first heat of composition as it occurs to him. From start to finish his work is a stream of molten English refusing to be curbed by any school or tradition, an amazing example of undisciplined strength. Such is what we call the romanticism of these neopagan Renaissance writers.

In the nature of things such ebullition could not last. Exhaustion, as a matter of fact, soon became evident. After an early attempt to carry on the tradition, Milton perceived that it could not be done. Poetry must go back to school. It must even go back to religion, that is to say, in his case, to the Bible. It must cultivate both a Hebraic and a classical severity. There must be no more pranks; the bell had sounded to resume work. Not the earthly splendor of a spectacular renaissance world is the subject of his song but the Lost Paradise from which we have been exiled. Samson, the captive of relentless foes, moves, blinded, in an alien world, but retains his proud, resentful anger. Milton's intention, it must not be forgotten, was a wholesome one, and his work remains as a monument of chastened poetry that comes as a relief after the whirling and gaudy splendor that had preceded it. Leaving the glare of the sunlight we enter the gloom of a temple. But it is a Puritan temple. The dignity is cold. The temper is that of offended majesty. His Tragic Hero is the arch rebel, Satan, and not the Christ of Calvary. He was prevented from going back to the sources from which poetry might have flowed again, renewed in spirit, fresh and joyful. His Puritan asceticism, having missed the main road of Christian tradition, found itself in a *cul-de-sac* from which there could be no hopeful issue. His attempt to reconcile poetry to religion failed. The right school of discipline had still to be found.

The poets of the eighteenth century saw the mischief that had been wrought by Elizabethan romanticism. Dryden, a Catholic poet, tried, it is true, to harmonize the Shakespearean and Miltonic methods, but the time was not ripe for a true reconciliation. Yet even that age attempted to discipline art. The stilted artificiality that was proposed did at least do something to restrain riotous exhuberance. Instead of sprawling in every direction the box-hedges were cut into dainty patterns. Poetry, with patches on her face and a fan in her hand, walked up and down garden paths trimmed with scrupulous care and conforming strictly to pattern. But the orderliness of eighteenth century verse was too superficial to produce lasting effect, and its unemotional correctness was soon scattered to the winds by a fresh outburst, in the nineteenth century, of romanticism. The need

of finding a discipline which would chasten but not destroy pure delight in the glory of this world had yet to be found.

It is at this stage that there emerges a small band of Catholic poets, by which is to be understood not merely poets who happened to be Catholics but poets who carried their Catholicism into their craft and found in it their chief inspiration. The very fact that they avowed their Faith meant, to some extent, a sacrifice of poetry to religion. Before the separation effected by the Elizabethans could be ended it was necessary that those representing poetry should sacrifice their gifts upon the altar of the Church. Poetry must be given up before it could be renewed in spirit. This is the fact which has to be emphasized in connection with these singers of the songs of Sion. By identifying themselves with an unpopular minority they deprived themselves of a powerful aid and a source of vital inspiration. That eminent critic, J. A. Symonds, has noted this concerning the sixteenth century dramatists: "What made the playwrights of that epoch so great as to deserve the phrase which Dryden found for them—'Theirs was the great race before the flood'—was that they lived and wrote in fullest sympathy with the whole people. The public to which they appealed was the English nation, from Elizabeth upon the throne down to the lowest ragamuffin of the streets. In the same wooden theaters met lords and ladies, citizens and prentices, sailors and working men, pickpockets, country-folk, and captains from the wars." They achieved this popularity and experienced its help by avoiding the religious issues which at the time were so seriously dividing the nation. A universal appeal could be made only by a policy of silence regarding the conflict between Catholic and Protestant and they were willing to purchase that wide appeal by a discreet refusal to go outside the province of purely humanistic interests. Once they had taken sides they would split their audience in half. The only thing to be done therefore, from their point of view, was to follow the Renaissance tide and say nothing, good or bad, concerning the questions raised by the Reformation. It was precisely this surrender which the poets under consideration refused to make. They knew what they were doing. Patmore was under no illusion as to his exiled state:

"How sing the Lord's Song in so strange a Land?
A torrid waste of water-mocking sand;
Oases of wild grapes;
A dull, malodorous fog
O'er a once Sacred River's wandering strand,
Its ancient tillage, all gone back to bog. . . . "

Nor did he fail to see how much they stood to lose, as poets, by the unpopularity of the religion which they so courageously voiced. The full-throated utterance which might have been theirs was checked by the alien atmosphere in which they were called to sing:

"Ponder, ye Just, the scoffs that frequent go
From forth the foe:
'The holders of the Truth in Verity
Are people of a harsh and stammering tongue.'
The hedge-flower hath its song;
Meadow and tree,
Water and wandering cloud

Find Seers who see,
And, with convincing music clear and loud,
Startle the adder-deafness of the crowd
By tones, O Love, from thee.
Views of the unveil'd heavens alone forth bring
Prophets who cannot sing,
Praise that in chiming numbers will not run;
At least, from David unto Dante, none,
And none since him."

The same note is heard in Francis Thompson whose first intention, it will be remembered, was that of entering the priesthood and for whom poetry, faithfully as he served her, was only a second-best. In the lines entitled, "The Singer Saith of His Song" we catch an echo of Patmore:

"The touches of man's modern speech
Perplex her unacquainted tongue;
There seems through all her songs a sound
Of falling tears. She is not young.

"Within her eyes' profound arcane
Resides the glory of her dreams;
Behind her secret cloud of hair
She sees the Is beyond the Seems.

"Her heart sole-towered in her steep spirit,
Somewhat sweet is she, somewhat wan;
And she sings the songs of Sion
By the streams of Babylon."

In the "Mistress of Vision" Thompson stated his poetic *credo*. It is surely the most austere conception of the bard's equipment ever expressed. It sounds like an address to postulants seeking entrance to a religious order. It would be easy to fill several pages with quotations indicating the close connection which he saw between sanctity and song. One has only to recall the opening passage in his famous Essay on Shelley in which he deplored the divorce which had separated the Church and poetry to realize how deeply the matter weighed on his spirit.

Lionel Johnson, another of this small band, is distinguished even among his fellows by the ascetic view which he held of his craft. In technique he was a stern disciplinarian, seeking his models among the classics and advocating a return to the eighteenth century. Combating the anarchy prevalent in modern literature, he wrote: "As in the spiritual and interior life, the Church would have a man perfect himself by the help of approved rules and meditations, not superseding but directing his conscience, so in art, where also there is an interior life, the collective wisdom of the great masters must help to nourish and sustain that conscience which cannot thrive wholly upon the desires and intimations of its own genius." But Johnson's asceticism went deeper than that. It caused him to speak of himself as a "priest" of letters and to declare, "I will be all things to a few men."

But the outstanding example of the principle which we have tried to explain and illustrate is to be found in the Jesuit priest with a reference to whom this article commenced. Gerard Manley Hopkins, as we saw, did actually renounce poetry in obedience to what he deemed the demands of his vocation as a Jesuit. With gifts of a high

order clamoring for expression and fame awaiting him, he imposed on himself, as penance for the sins of poetry and in view of the dangerous paths into which she might lead him, a vow of silence. In him the prodigal who had scattered his wealth for the benefit of Elizabethan crowds came home, pleading only to be made a hired servant in the Father's Household.

Happily, however, the story does not end there. Hopkins's life not only illustrates poetry's crucifixion but also its resurrection in newness of life. He was enabled to write at least sufficient verse to show us what were the effects of the religious discipline to which he had submitted. Referring to certain of Father Hopkins's poems the Editor of his Letters says:

"They are poems written to the glory of God by a man who is looking on the world as charged with His grandeur and revealing His bounty and presence. But always as I read them I feel that the poet is primarily seized by the beauty of the earth, and that, though a man of exquisitely tempered and religious mind, his senses, not his religion, are in the ascendent."

So far from this being the case, I think it would be true to say that even those verses which do not refer to religious matters bear deeply impressed upon them the traces of his religious asceticism. Richard Watson Dixon came nearer the mark when he wrote to Hopkins:

"I can understand that your present position, seclusion and exercises would give to your writings a rare charm—they have done so in those that I have seen: something that I cannot describe, but know to myself by the inadequate word *terrible* pathos—something of what you call temper in poetry: a right temper which goes to the point of the terrible: the terrible crystal. Milton is the only one else who has anything like it: and he has it in a totally different way: he has it through indignation, through injured majesty, which is an inferior thing in fact."

There are poems of Hopkins celebrating earthly beauty the reading of which gives one the feeling of having been through some deep, purging experience. In them one looks out at the world through a window that has been washed with penitential tears. Neither the window nor the tears may attract attention but the vision is one which only the poet's sacrifice could have made possible.

There are some striking lines of Lionel Johnson in which the writer claims that the worldling's enjoyment of the present life is conditional upon the renunciations of those who have forsaken the world:

"Think you, we shrink from common toil,
Works of the mart, works of the soil;
That, prisoners of strong despair,
We breathe this melancholy air;
Forgetting the dear calls of race,
And bonds of house, and ties of place;
That, cowards, from the world we turn,
And heavenward in our weakness, yearn?
Unjust! unkind! while you despise
Our lonely years, our mournful cries:
You are the happier for our prayer."

I have italicized that last line because it so completely sums up what has to be said on this point. Now the significance of Gerard Manley Hopkins is that in him we can see one who, to some extent, was allowed to reap the reward of his own abstinence. His Life and the present Correspondence tell us of his self-enforced silence, and his verse records the effect of that silence in restoring to him with added beauty the world he had given up. The Editor of his Letters himself says: "His visions of earth and her creatures make a bevy of astonishing and new felicities rarely to be matched in English poetry." It is a curious and suggestive thing that Father Hopkins found something in common between himself and Walt Whitman and those who have read the lines in which he celebrates youthful health and beauty will not be surprised that their author should claim kinship with the writer of *Leaves of Grass*. In this Jesuit poet literature's retreat from the world has become an advance. A Muse driven to take refuge in the Church issues forth to inaugurate what may be a modern renaissance of Catholic poetry. Fulfilled are the words: Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.

The wasteful spending of the Elizabethans ushered in an age of famine. Their pagan prodigality made no provision for the future, and the future suffered. It was not until there arose men who knew that, if she is to thrive, poetry must subordinate herself to the service of the Church, that a new and hopeful era commenced. Of that era the fittest symbol is Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J.

THE CAID'S PROMISE

By Louise Marie de Sonis

THE fierce rays of the noonday sun were changing the desert's gold into molten lead, as the vast stretches of the Sahara lay quivering in a white heat which blended earth and sky in the same fiery furnace.

The intolerable glare baffled the attempts of a pair of anxious eyes to scan the long white road leading from those infinite wastes to the oasis of Djamaa, lying like an emerald island in the midst of vast seas of sand. With disappointment written upon a still beautiful face whose pure outlines belied a crown of snowy hair, a tall graceful woman left her post upon a wide veranda to seek the shelter of the room behind. The cool perfumed shadows of an immense lounge in which European comfort and picturesque Oriental luxury vied with each other, made a soothing contrast to the heat outside; and a faint sigh of relief broke upon the stillness as the slight form in white sank down upon the cushions of a low divan.

Bewitched by the spell of the great Sahara, and weary of the exigencies of Parisian life, Comte Adrien de Crecy had built the ideal home of his dreams at Djamaa, and had invested the greater part of his fortune in an important enterprise of sheep farming, taking as associates a few wealthy Arabs of the region. The White Fathers had a new mission at the same oasis; and the tiny chapel, the school and hospital formed a precious element of happiness to such fervent Catholics as Adrien de Crecy and his young wife. Their one son Paul was sent to school in France, but enjoyed the holidays in his southern home, where he found a cherished friend and playfellow in Mostapha, the eldest son of a neighboring Caïd, who was Monsieur de Crecy's partner and right hand in business matters.

The ties of affection between the two boys grew with their growth, and developed into an almost brotherly love, when in their early manhood they found themselves alike fatherless, with heavy responsibilities weighing upon their young shoulders.

Though the paternal succession came to him with grievous suddenness, long before he was prepared for it, Paul had at once accepted the sacred mission of devoting himself to his widowed mother and of carrying on the work which his father had begun.

And, just as the old Caïd had been a valued collaborator of Monsieur de Crecy's, so his son helped and seconded Paul, to whom his friend's knowledge of the desert and its inhabitants stood in good stead. Having been educated at the Algiers public school, young Mostapha had acquired a knowledge of French history, art and literature, which enabled him to be an agreeable companion to the inmates of Dar El Nama, as the De Crecy's beautiful Moorish house was called.

The young Arab was touchingly devoted to Madame de Crecy, who on her side was sincerely thankful for the check put upon her own son's headstrong, turbulent nature

by Mostapha's thoughtful, gentle character and his consideration for others. Though profoundly religious, and scrupulously exact in the recitation of the Koranic prayers five times a day, their Mohammedan friend possessed none of the fanaticism usual amongst the followers of the Prophet. He admired goodness and charity wherever he came across them, and held in deep veneration the White Fathers, those Roumi Marabouts who cared for the sick and instructed the ignorant of his own race and religion.

Paul's mother often found herself secretly wishing that her cherished child was as fervent a Christian as Mostapha was a Moslem, for the young Frenchman's joyous, impulsive temperament seemed to absorb him in the search after pleasure and worldly success, leaving him but little time and thought for supernatural things. She consoled herself with the hope that as her darling grew older he would take a more serious view of life and all its responsibilities; and, like St. Monica, she waited and prayed. Meanwhile, she relied strangely upon the sympathy and comprehension of their Mohammedan neighbor.

Instinctively her thoughts went to him on that hot May morning, as she waited anxiously for the arrival of Paul, who had whirled off in his motor car before sunrise, and who should have been back hours ago. His reckless driving had often been the cause of slight accidents and hairbreadth escapes, as well as perpetually keeping his fond mother on tenterhooks; but she was never so anxious when she knew him to be with Mostapha.

Once more she braved the scorching sunlight to take another scrutinizing glance without; and this time, to her relief, she saw the cloud of dust raised by a car coming up the long avenue of palm trees leading to the house. Smiling happily she prepared to welcome her treasure; but the next minute her beautiful face overclouded; for the car which had stopped in front of the wide marble steps was not Paul's, and it was the Caïd Mostapha who emerged alone from a luxurious Cadillac, and hurried up the stairs to kiss her hand, with affectionate deference.

Always intuitive, he read the troubled countenance at a glance, and said quietly:

"Dear Madame, you were expecting Paul, and I grieve to be the cause of a disappointment. I myself thought that I should find him here for he looked in upon me at Ourlal very early this morning and invited me to lunch, when I told him that I had business at Djamaa. He was going on to Tolga and Ouled Djellal, but he intended to get home early. Still there is no need for anxiety, dear lady," added the young man sympathetically; "a delay does not mean an accident, and you know how often Paul overlooks such details as sufficient petrol in his tank, or water in his radiator."

"I know, I know," said the poor mother, trying to smile; "but Paul is also disastrously imprudent; and he is so unutterably precious to me," she added, with a slight quiver in her voice.

"I know that he is all your world," answered the young Arab, a little wistfully, "he is very, very dear to me too, and I would not be so cheerful if I thought for an instant that there was anything seriously amiss. I will telephone home to have Hassen sent with my two-seater in the direction which Paul took. Then we

shall have tidings of our truant; but meanwhile, dearest Madame, do put away your apprehensions, for we shall have to wait some time perhaps before getting any information."

Out of courtesy to her guest, Madame de Crecy ordered lunch to be served, and tried to swallow a few mouthfuls, half reassured as she was by Mostapha's optimistic assertions. But when, half an hour later, the sharp ring of the telephone made itself heard at the far end of the long shady room, her face became deathly pale, and her hand trembled slightly as she signed to Mostapha to answer the call.

"It is Paul himself speaking," exclaimed the Caïd joyously, a minute later, his own features betraying the intense relief which he felt. And then, after listening for a few minutes, he explained: "Your son had some sort of breakdown only a few miles south of Tolga. Hassen found him there and is bringing him home, after making all the necessary arrangements about your car, which will need a good many repairs."

"Thank God," ejaculated Madame de Crecy, adding: "And thank you, too, Mostapha. But for your assistance I should have remained upon the rack for hours."

"I consider it the greatest privilege when I can render you any service," answered the young Arab simply, "and I can never pay my debt of gratitude for the honor of your friendship. But now that your suspense is allayed, do eat a little more, for Paul will not be here for another half hour."

"No, no, we will wait for him, and we will all have lunch together properly," answered Madame de Crecy. "Those nibbles which we both took shall just count as *hors d'œuvres*," she concluded laughingly, looking ten years younger and radiantly happy, in the relief from an anxiety which had been greater than she would own.

Chatting together happily, the two friends did not find the time of waiting long, and they were almost surprised to hear the sound of a motor car approaching the house. In another few seconds Paul's tall figure was silhouetted against the sunshine without, and then the quiet room seemed suddenly full of life and merriment, as a joyous voice exclaimed:

"The prodigal's return! You poor sweet little mother, how distressed I am to have given you such a fright, and how grateful to old Mostapha for having come to the rescue as usual." While he was speaking, the handsome fair-haired young giant had enfolded his mother in a warm embrace, and wrung Mostapha's hand. "As you see, here I am alive to tell the tale, and also just starving, so do let's have lunch," he continued cheerfully.

"What happened, darling?" inquired Madame de Crecy, after she had let her son enjoy his first course in silence. "Do tell us all about this mysterious breakdown."

"It was rather more than that, and I was lucky to get off as I did," answered Paul cheerfully. "Just outside some small village a wretched little Arab urchin dashed across the road in front of the car, and in trying to avoid him, I steered too sharply to the left and banged into a tree. I'm afraid that the car's pretty badly damaged, and it's a marvel that the owner did not share the same fate."

"Oh, my dearest, what an escape," exclaimed Madame de Crecy, growing a little paler with emotion. "I

shall never rest until you become more prudent, for of course you were going at breakneck speed. But were you not hurt at all?" she questioned anxiously.

"Not even a scratch, and only my boot got a cut," laughed Paul, adding ruefully, "which is a confounded nuisance all the same, for, as ill luck would have it I had put on my new top-boots, intending to ride directly I got back."

"But if your boot is cut, perhaps your leg is cut too," insisted the devoted mother.

"There's not much harm done, anyhow," replied Paul, adding, "When I change my togs presently, you shall have a look, and set your dear mind at rest."

Indeed the tiny speck of blood and the minute bruise discovered on the shin of that firm muscular young limb could hardly trouble the most solicitous mind; and even a wet compress seemed an almost superfluous precaution.

The more serious damages done to the car were soon repaired, and the accident of that May morning was nearly forgotten, when one day, watching Paul saunter into the room, Madame de Crecy exclaimed:

"Why darling, you are limping. What have you done to yourself?"

"Nothing at all since that idiotic motor smash a fortnight ago," replied Paul, frowning a little, as though in pain. "I did not want to worry you, so I did not say that the tiny wound had got worse instead of better. I just continued putting on compresses, thinking that it would get well in course of time; but now my leg has become really painful, and I hardly slept last night."

"You ought to have told me, dear," replied Madame de Crecy, forcing herself to speak lightly. Then she went on: "We were both wrong to take that blow so unconcernedly, for a sore on the leg is always a delicate matter, and you should have kept quiet for a few days. I shall telephone to Dr. Martin to look in, and we will do now what we should have done at once."

The Doctor's verdict was reassuring, for he declared that if the young man had the patience to lie still for a few days, perfect immobility, together with local treatment, would soon put things right.

Patience was a virtue unknown to Paul, and the days of enforced idleness were a great trial to himself and to others. Only the hope of a speedy recovery if he obeyed medical injunctions, and the fear of a yet longer captivity if he disregarded them, made him accept what he considered needlessly drastic measures.

But, as the days passed into weeks, he could not have put his foot to the ground even had he wished to do so, for the inflammation and pain had increased. When the invalid became feverish, with a temperature constantly high above normal, the Doctor took alarm, and asked for a second opinion. The result of a consultation was a prompt decision to take the sufferer to Algiers in a motor ambulance, in order to have recourse to the best surgeon, as the bone was evidently infected, and an operation would be of urgent necessity.

Sorrowful hurried preparations for departure were made. All business matters were left in the hands of Mostapha, and then the beautiful Moorish house was left empty and desolate, in charge of a trusted Arab caretaker.

Such arrangements were usual every year for the hot season which Madame de Crecy and her son al-

ways spent in France, but this time the circumstances were tragically different. On those former occasions too, Mostapha used to receive joyous letters from Paul, telling of delightful sojourns in the entrancing spots of which he would send picture postcards and snapshots, whereas this time the anxious friend only got telegrams and brief sad notes from Madame de Crecy. The operation had been pronounced successful, as operations generally are, until unforeseen complications arise, baffling the greatest medical science. In Paul's case the favorable verdict was maintained, but the Algiers surgeon insisted upon further treatment at Berck, to prevent any recurrence of infection; so that for many long weeks turbulent, impetuous Paul had to endure the ordeal of becoming one of those sufferers, imprisoned in plaster of Paris, and condemned to absolute immobility.

Madame de Crecy's heartbroken notes divulged something of what her boy was enduring, as well as of her own unspeakable anguish; and while the young Caïd's motor car or favorite horse bore him swiftly over the desert sands, his thoughts were ever at that distant seaside sanatorium in the north of France, sharing the affliction of his most cherished friends.

At last when October's cooler breath had gained the mastery over the burning sirocco winds, news came of the invalid's return.

For an invalid he was, alas, as his mother's sad short missive revealed. Life and limb had been saved; but Paul, her beautiful stalwart Paul, was a cripple condemned to walk on crutches. She warned Mostapha of the terrible change for which he must be prepared, and of how woefully her son's character was soured and embittered by his trial.

"We can only help him by our love, our forbearance and our prayers," wrote the poor woman sorrowfully; and the young Caïd prayed, prostrating himself towards the East, as the muezzin's voice, calling from the minaret of the mosque, proclaimed that God is merciful.

But when at last the travelers arrived in that fair southern home, where all had been prepared for them with the minutest care, Mostapha's composure nearly forsook him upon first beholding the playmate of his childhood and companion of his adolescence.

It was difficult to believe that the thin haggard man, hobbling painfully into the room, supported on crutches, was Paul — handsome, boisterous, irrepressible Paul!

No words came to him, as he saluted his friend, laying his turbaned head upon that poor stooping shoulder, according to Arab custom; and the young Frenchman was the first to speak:

"What a home-coming, Mostapha," he said, in tones which had lost their boyish ring. "Little did we imagine last spring what terrible consequences would come from that blow on my shin. Here I am, a miserable cripple, doomed to drag out my life in misery, and to be a burden to myself and to others."

"Darling, you know that you can never be a burden to those who love you," said Madame de Crecy gently, as she arranged the cushions of the deck-chair upon which Paul had taken up a half reclining position. "You have your old mother who worships you; and Mostapha to be your second self and carry out your every wish."

"I know that I'm an ungrateful brute," replied Paul moodily. "I know, too, that there are thousands of poor chaps who would willingly change lots with me. But, somehow, that thought brings me no comfort. Like a squirrel in a cage, my mind goes round and round in an agony of revolt at seeing my life wrecked, because an idiotic brat chose to run across the road in front of my car."

Madame de Crecy stroked the fair head in silence, shaking her own almost imperceptibly as she looked at her Arab friend through a mist of tears; while Mostapha sat in speechless misery, reflecting that it was all much worse even than he had expected; yet that since Allah had willed it so, His Will must be accepted.

But Paul possessed neither Christian resignation nor Moslem fatalism to sustain him in his trial; and his bitter rebellion against his destiny plunged him in the blackest depths of neurasthenia.

Madame de Crecy's patience was as great as her love; and the young Caïd devoted his time and his person to the service of both mother and son; while the days and nights passed sadly in the beautiful white house, amidst its waving palm trees and fair orange groves.

Still, however long and dreary the hours of suffering might appear, the winter passed, and then spring gave way to summer with its almost intolerable heat. Yet though the burning temperature tried Paul sorely, while he saw his mother growing paler and thinner every day, the young man refused stubbornly to leave Dar El Nama, and go in search of cooler climes. He declared petulently that he could not bear to make a spectacle of the poor cripple he had become, and that he would not leave the seclusion of his home. No argument could move that obstinate resolution; and Madame de Crecy accepted the inevitable, only doing her best to keep the big house cool, with jealously closed shutters preserving its inmates from the breath of the fiery sirocco, and electric fans giving a feeble illusion of fresh air.

One July morning, arriving for his usual visit, the young Caïd was immediately conscious of a happy change in the moral atmosphere. Instead of reclining listlessly upon the divan, Paul was sitting up, holding in his hand the daily paper, to which he was referring eagerly in the course of an animated conversation with his mother. As soon as he saw his Arab friend enter the room, he welcomed him joyously, with some reminiscence of the former Paul in both voice and manner, as he exclaimed:

"Dear old fellow, I am just persuading my mother to accompany me to Lourdes. You know so much about the Catholic religion, that you have certainly heard of the wonderful Grotto of Massabielle, and of the cures which have taken place there. Somehow I had never thought of a pilgrimage before; but here, in today's paper, is the short matter-of-fact statement of the cases healed during the last great pilgrimage. Why should not I obtain a like favor, especially with such a mother as mine to pray for me?"

"I, too, will pray for you, Paul," said the Mohammedan solemnly; "and, if you are cured, I shall know that Sidna Aïssa is indeed the Son of God, and I will embrace the Christian Faith."

"Oh, Mother, I feel greater hopes than ever now," cried Paul. "Sure-

ly Our Blessed Lady will vouchsafe to work a miracle which would bring about the conversion of a soul like Mostapha's." And he grasped his friend's hand, as though to convey by an eloquent pressure, feelings which no words could express.

With unspeakable sympathy, the young Caïd's thoughts dwelt perpetually upon that difficult pilgrimage which his dear friends had undertaken, and he waited anxiously for news, from day to day.

Brief messages on picture postcards came to him from every stopping place during the long journey which Paul's infirmity made so trying, but that was all. At last the travelers had reached Lourdes, whence Paul sent a plentiful supply of views: the sacred Grotto, the beautiful church of the Rosary, the great Calvary with the Stations of the Cross leading to it. Then came a time of silence, and Mostapha looked in vain for tidings. Was Paul cured, and only postponing the announcement of the blessed answer to their prayers, that all the necessary inquiries had been made and every formality accomplished? Was he disappointed? and loath to tell his friend of radiant hopes changed to dark despair? Had the fatigues of the long journey been too much for him, and Madame de Crecy too absorbed by her duties as nurse to find time to write? The Caïd turned over every alternative in his head with despondent anxiety.

The suspense and uncertainty were becoming intolerable, when at last came a telegram from Algiers, announcing the travelers' return the very next day. Curbing his impatience until the morning following their proposed arrival, Mostapha then betook himself to Dar El Nama, longing intensely to see his friend again, but dreading the sight of a disappointed, embittered Paul. From time to time he was buoyed up with a passing hope that their prayers had been granted. How gladly would he then fulfill his promise, accepting all the sacrifices which it must entail! He had thought it all out during those long days of solitude, and knew precisely how he should act. He would abdicate title and fortune in favor of his brother Aziz, whose character he had endeavored to mold according to his own ideal, and who would be capable of taking his place adequately as Paul's friend and associate. Then he would go far away, to the White Fathers' Christian settlement at Thibar in Tunisia, and ask them to take him in. For the rest, God would guide him.

His heart beat a little quicker than usual as he crossed the threshold of the big shady room, where his eyes dazzled by the brilliancy without, could at first distinguish nothing. Then he caught his breath in awe-struck joy at the sight of the happy faces which were smiling a welcome. So their dreams had come true, and the being whom he loved best on earth, was cured! But the next moment he saw the ominous crutches beside Paul's armchair, and he knew that it was not so. Wondering and perplexed, he greeted his friends affectionately, asking no questions, but waiting to hear what they had to tell him.

"As you see by those sticks, old Pal," began Paul gaily, "I am still condemned to hobble through life; and Our Blessed Lady kept her cures for some who have a greater need of health and strength."

"But she did not overlook me for all that," continued the merry boyish voice, "and I got my share of the

wonders of Lourdes, in full measure. Mostapha, dearest friend, nobody who has not been to that place of pilgrimage, can imagine the pathetic grandeur of that crowd of pitiful sufferers all begging to be healed, with supplicating, beseeching prayer. It is a revival of the Gospel scenes of nineteen centuries ago to hear those ejaculations: 'Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me.' . . . 'Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole.' . . . 'Lord that I may see.' . . . Some were cured in response to those heart-rending prayers; but how few, in comparison to the number of suppliants; whereas in the Gospel we read: 'He healed them *all*.'

"I found myself questioning: 'Is He not the same Jesus? Has He not the same power? Is His compassion no longer infinite?' . . . And then one day an interior voice seemed to recall to me the Cross and Passion; that life laid down for us; and the martyrs of old shedding their blood for love of the Crucified.

"In a revelation I understood something of the mystery of that suffering which unites the disciples to their Divine Master, and makes them participate in His infinite merits.

"I realized that this life is but the journey heavenwards; and that the path leading to eternal life is the royal road of the holy cross.

"And then it was as though a weight had been lifted off my heart. Instead of feeling absolutely wretched, in depths of misery which are my only excuse for having behaved as I did in the past, I can but say that I am supremely happy—happier than I have ever been in my whole life."

The young Caïd looked from Paul's glowing eyes to the mother's gaze, fixed upon her boy with an expression of unfathomable love; and at length he said slowly:

"I promised to become a Christian if Paul was cured at Lourdes; and I shall at once take steps towards the fulfillment of that promise. Such gifts of faith and resignation are far greater marvels than the healing of a bodily infirmity; and the transformation which has taken place in my beloved friend's heart and soul, is surely a greater miracle than that which we had prayed for. How can I not believe that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is in very truth the Mother of God, and say with you the Angel's prayer: *'Ave Maria, gratia plena.'*"

THE COMMUNIST "UNITED FRONT" IN 1935

By G. M. Godden

"Our theory is not a dogma, but a manual of action."
—Lenin. *Left Wing Communism.*

THE opponents of International Communism, to-day, are not infrequently barking up the wrong tree. We hear a good deal, especially among the intelligentsia, of Marxism as a "new religion," a phrase which surely ignores the true definition of religion. We are told that Dialectical Materialism is a new philosophy, a proposition which seems to lack a sense of the true definition of philosophy. What we are not told, with anything like the required emphasis and repetition, is that the Communist International is the general headquarters staff of the most highly organized and efficient political party that has ever sought administrative power; that this political party works by skilled groups of representatives, ruled by an iron discipline, in all countries; and that it aims at the domination, not only of a United States of Europe, but of a United States of the World, the World Soviet Republics, which will be militantly atheistic.

There is ample evidence of the methods and the successes of this new militant atheist power. It is evidence that is very largely neglected both by thinkers and men of action, because the methods by which this new power works are not those of accustomed diplomacy, of the swing of political pendulums, of classical utterances by academic leaders of thought. All the age-long paraphernalia of the life of States, of parliaments, of elections, of embassies, of formal declarations of war, are nonexistent for this new international power. For it the theories of any 'ism, whether Marxism or Dialectical Materialism, are little more than window-dressing. The means by which this atheist power has attained to world-wide importance, and by which it extends its domination, are concrete and administrative; and are based on applied experience, fused into "dogmas of action," by the extraordinary brain of Lenin.

The sudden seizure of all-power in Soviet Russia, was achieved after years of study of the tactics of propaganda, and of armed revolution. Those tactics have been laid down in various Leninist writings, and have received far too little attention. A preliminary to the stages of positive open revolution is the period of revolutionary preparation, in the country or countries marked down for attack, by means of propaganda; a propaganda which is largely camouflaged, often illegal, but none the less deadly. This is the period in which America, Europe, and to some extent the whole civilized and semicivilized world is now involved. It is a period of superficial calm in most countries; punctuated with sudden swift outbursts of force, whenever the ordered strength of the State has been sufficiently weakened by invasion from without or undermining from within. And it is a period which

may see a world-wide policy of camouflaged attack by propaganda launched with varying intensity in a dozen countries at the same moment. That is precisely what is happening to-day. It is possible to follow the working out of a new policy of international disintegration which is being applied with success in America, England, France, Spain, Austria, Poland, Italy and Switzerland. The following pages outline the nature of the present tactics of the World Power which has its seat, to-day, in Moscow; but might quite as well operate from Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London, or Chicago.

The tactics, by the immediate application of which International Communism hopes to gain sweeping victories in 1935, are those known as the "United Front." Stalin himself has told us that "the United Front tactics were set up by Lenin in order to make it easier for the millions of workers to come over to Communism."[1] The attack was first launched on the Trade Union front, in order to weaken that bulwark of democracy, the Second or Amsterdam International, the dominant partners of which are the British Trade Unions. Lenin created as his weapon of attack, on this front, the "Red International of Labor Unions." This is a body pledged to promote, in all countries, "a ruthless class-war, on an international and national scale"; to let those "who are preaching civil peace know that we regard them as our enemies"; and to fight against all policies of "class collaboration."[2] The policy of "class collaboration," needless to say, is that of all true Trade Unionism, and of the Amsterdam International, captained at present by the English-speaking British Unions. The Amsterdam International has stood, also, for a policy of respect for nationalities; whereas the Red International of Labor Unions aims at the violent destruction of nationality. It was Zinovieff who declared that the Red International was created, in order that "Constitutional Unionism" should be "blown up from the inside."[3] It was then that the United Front tactics were devised. "Let us," said the leaders of the attack, "proclaim a United Front for the Trade Unions of the Workers of the World. Such a slogan will attract all workers. Let us go to the Amsterdam International and bid them unite with us on common grounds. Once they unite with us we will 'liquidate' them." To "liquidate," it may be explained, in Communist phraseology, is the same process as that invented by a well-known writer for the removal of enemies: first dissolve your opponent in nitric acid, and then pour him down the drain.

The Amsterdam International, however, refused to be liquidated. Nothing daunted, the tacticians of Moscow returned to the charge with more precise allurements; and in 1923 succeeded in creating an alliance with the Transport Workers on a United Front of anti-Fascism and anti-war; the precise slogans that are being operated all over Europe to-day. But in 1923 the alliance was only a momentary success. True, it was an "immense scandal in the respectable family of Amsterdam"; but, in a few months, the Amsterdam Federation had asserted its authority over the eloping Transport Workers, and the ranks of De-

[1] *Die Internationale.* 1932. P. 312.

[2] *Manifesto of the Red International of Labour Unions.* Moscow. 1920.

[3] *Conference of Revolutionary Trade Unions.* Moscow. 1920.

mocracy stood once more unbroken. Then, in the following year, came another determined attack on the British Trade Unions. United action between the English and the Soviet Unions materialized to the extent of the appearance of a Soviet delegation at the British Trade Union Congress of 1924. Moscow rejoiced greatly, declaring that England had "taken the place of Germany as the center of the activities of the Communist International"; and announced, incautiously, that directly the United Front was really achieved, then the Communist International would be in a position "to dictate our own terms." Once again, however, the true principles of Trade Unionism triumphed; and the Soviet delegates returned to the Workers' Fatherland to await a more propitious moment for renewing the attack.

The Communist International works indefatigably, and is content to take long views. Now, ten years later, this "revolutionary strategic maneuver practiced by the Communist vanguard" the maneuver of the United Front, is again launched, but in a widely different world. To-day, we see France shaken with internal scandals; Spain struggling to regain some semblance of ordered government; Germany suffering under an amazing dictatorship; the tiny territory of the Saar recently at a boiling point which threatened European peace; and England and America slowly recovering from the world economic crisis, but still registering an immense unemployment figure. These are all ideal conditions for the advance of Communist propaganda. And, as a final stroke of good fortune, the Nazi tyranny has made it possible, in view of the foolish popular confusion of Nazi and Fascist rule, to launch a new, infinitely more powerful and attractive "anti-Fascist" drive; while persistent scare-mongering, originating from Communist sources, concerning the imminence of another war, is supporting the bogus anti-war agitation.[4] Obviously this is the moment for inaugurating a great "United Front" campaign. And this is precisely what the world is facing for 1935. It is a campaign of special significance for Catholics, as already Catholic publicists and Catholic workers have been entrapped by a propaganda which utilizes every real and supposed national emergency for its own ends; and veils these ends so skillfully that its Catholic victims fail to realize that *"the one certain thing is that those who join with Communists extend the Communist front."*

It is essential to note that, since 1930, the Communist International has treated the tactics of the United Front as especially tactics of organization. Also that the tactical method adopted is that of working, not on the leaders of the working class movement in various countries, but among the rank and file. Thus Molotov, President of the Sovnarkom, announced, in 1930, that "in order to realize our fundamental aim, *viz.*, to win the majority of the working class to Communism, it is of positive importance to reënforce, to the utmost, our practical work, and . . . to develop the tactics of the United Front from below."[5] And, again, Manuilskij asserts, "the weapon of the United Front tactics has, in the hands of the Communist Party, a redoubled importance, as a decisive tactical

[4]See the *Dublin Review*, October, 1934, on this bogus agitation.

[5]*Report to the Soviet Congress*. 1930. P. 423.

lever to consolidate the Sections of the Communist International (the Komintern)." Not, be it noticed, to consolidate efforts to gain some substantial economic or social amelioration for the workers; but solely to strengthen the fighting Sections of the revolutionary Communist International. Manuilskij continues: "Still more, organization is required to prepare and direct the intervention of the working class masses, on the basis of the United Front tactics. With this end the initiative of the lower organizations must be developed."[6]

Here we have the "United Front" quite clearly revealed as merely the means of placing working class masses under the direction of the Communist leaders; in other words, to quote a brilliant exposure by the British Labor Party, "the United Front is a tactical maneuver . . . the growth of the Communist Party and the corresponding disintegration of the working class organizations, or a change over to Communist leadership, is the aim of the policy."[7]

To reënforce, to the utmost, our practical work"; to "develop the tactics of the United Front"; to "consolidate the sections of the Communist International" by means of "the weapon of the United Front tactics"; to "direct the intervention of the masses,"—what have these phrases of the leaders of International Communism to do with new philosophies, with academic treatises on Dialectical Materialism, with theoretical disquisitions on the "new religion"? We repeat that the defenders of the Christian faith, of Christian civilization, and of the Christian State are allowing themselves to be led away from the real fighting front, when they devote their well-intentioned energies to combating theory. *"Our theory is not a dogma but a manual of action,"*[8] is the statement of Lenin; a statement that all concerned with Communism should learn by heart.

Let us see what action has been successfully carried out, by means of the Communist weapon of the United Front, during the past year. It is a record which may well stir all Catholics into Catholic Action, following the call of the Holy Father, in the Encyclical *Caritate*, to unite "all our forces in one solid compact line against the battalions of evil, enemies of God no less than of the human race."

Last July the Communist Party of France induced the French Socialist Party to join with them in a "United Front," on a variation of the old plea of union against Fascism, in this case Nazism, and war. Their decision was carried by a large majority, and was hailed by a late member of the Colonial Department of the Communist International, in Moscow, writing in the *Labour Monthly* as "an event which may prove a turning point in the history of the working class movement of the world."[9] This achievement was attributed to the opportunity afforded by the "Fascist" violence in Paris, in the previous February, against which a "one-day general strike" was called. "Communist Socialist and Non-Party Workers came out in thousands"; French intellectuals and school teachers were drawn into the net; and the initiative for the whole movement we are told "came, and still comes

[6] *Ibid.* P. 433.

[7] *The Communist Solar System.* Labour Party Publications. Pp. 3, 22.

[8] *Left Wing Communism.* Lenin. P. 53.

[9] "The United Front in France." By Ralph Fox in the *Labour Monthly*, August, 1934.

from the Communist Party." To quote again from the *Labour Monthly*, "the demonstrations of February, the one-day strike, which passed off under the leadership of our Party, put the initiative in the fight against Fascism into the hands of the Communist Party."[10] In other words, the "fight against Fascism" in France proved to be an excellent stalking horse, behind which the Communist leaders achieved the capture of the French Socialist Party. This capture moreover threatened seriously the position of the Socialist International, that "Amsterdam Federation" which, as we have seen, repelled so valiantly the Communist onslaught of 1920-24.

After France, Spain. The organ of the Communist International, which is published in German, French and English, declared in its issue of November 24, 1934, that "it was solely the United Front that made it possible for the working class of Spain to carry on such a stubborn, such a lengthy struggle, which in some districts led to the establishment of the power of the workers and peasants."[11] The power, that is, only of the Communist, and therefore militantly atheist, elements amongst the Spanish workers and peasants. Moscow has felt no doubts as to the nature of recent events in Spain. "The Communist Party of Spain," writes *Pravda*, October 12, 1934, "was the only organization that raised high the banner of the United Front." The Conference of the Spanish Socialist Party held in the Asturias, last autumn, carried a motion for a United Front with the Communists by 65 votes to 9. Hence the strengthened so-called "Workers' Alliance," in Spain the creation of which was hailed by the English Communist leader, Harry Pollitt, writing in the official organ of the Communist International, as a "tremendous achievement."[12] This Spanish "United Front" of the summer of 1934 was created, as was the French "United Front," earlier in the year, by the cry of anti-Fascism. In October, 1934, Spanish workers, under Communist influence, were destroying churches, blowing up convents, after the nuns had been outraged, murdering priests, one of whom was buried alive, shooting Christian Brothers (eight were shot in one town), and exhibiting the horribly mutilated corpse of a priest in a shop window with the notice "Pig-flesh for sale." Here is the authentic sign-manual of Communism in action. A week in Spain, during the rule of the Spanish Soviets, would have taught students of Communism more concerning that "dogma of action" than all the manuals and expositions of Marxist theory ever penned. It is interesting for students of Communism to note that the organ of the British Section of the Communist International, *The Daily Worker*, announced in its issue of October 9, 1934: "The Spanish Workers are led by Socialists and Communists in a United Front." It is interesting for the Catholics of all nations to recall that the Spanish "United Front" of 1934 was definitely supported by Moscow: "The Executive Committees of the Komintern[13] and the Young Communist International have decided to continue rendering the Spanish rebels 'concrete assistance' . . . They have

[10] *Ibid.*

[11] "The Struggle for the United Front!" By G. Dimitrov in *International Press Correspondence*. November 24, 1934. P. 1,583.

[12] "United Front in Support of the Spanish Toilers." By Harry Pollitt in *International Press Correspondence*. November 24, 1934.

[13] The name by which the Communist International is generally known.

appointed four agents to give the decision practical effect. The agents are instructed particularly to rally Socialists and Communists inside and outside Spain. . . . During the campaign, the Executive Committee of the Komintern authorizes agents to sink differences between adherents of the Komintern and more moderate Socialists."[14] We have seen that Manuilskij demanded organization "to prepare and direct" the intervention of the workers, on the basis of the United Front. The bodies of murdered priests, the churches and convents in flames, the irreparable destruction at Orviedo, the "slaughter of souls," in Northern Spain, last October, are eloquent proofs of the kind of "direction" which the workers receive when organized under the leadership of the creators of the "United Front."

Beguiled by the Communist anti-Fascist slogans, Austrian, Polish, Italian and Swiss Socialists have issued a declaration in favor of an anti-Fascist alliance with the Communist International. And when the Socialist International was approached, last autumn by its ancient enemy the Communist International, for a general "United Front," to aid the Spanish "workers," the reply, instead of a categorical negative, was merely the rescinding of the rule forbidding affiliated national parties to make local Communist alliances; a rule that had already, in several instances, become a dead letter. By the end of November, 1934, it could be authoritatively asserted that "Democratic Socialism has lowered its fortifications against the revolutionaries and the dictators."[15] Fortifications of far greater importance than those of democratic Socialism have also suffered a breach. In the Saar, and in England, Catholic priests, and Catholic publicists have appeared on Communist platforms. So great a capture by the Communist forces received due recognition in the official Communist Press. The organ of the British Section of the Communist International gave a prominent headline: "All Parties Unite to aid Saar. Catholics Join In."[16] A Catholic priest of the Saar allowed himself to be so deceived by Communist protestations as to accept publicly a promise, by local Communists, of religious freedom and of respect for Catholic altars; having forgotten the dictum of Lenin that, for Communists, there is no morality except party expediency,[17] no less than the warning issued by the Holy Father, in the Encyclical *Caritate*, "How can any contract be maintained and what value can any treaty have in which every guarantee of conscience is lacking?" Unless Catholics of all nations are informed as to the true nature of the specious "United Front" action, further victories on this "front" will be gained during 1935 by those whom the Holy Father designates as "the enemies of God and man."

In America a celebration held, towards the close of last year, is said to have marked the first occasion of the signatures of Earl Browder, Secretary of the Communist Party of America, and Norman Thomas, Secretary of the Socialist Party of America appearing together, as joint signatories to an organizational circular letter. The *New Masses* of November 20th claims that this par-

[14] *The Times*. October 19, 1934.
[15] *The Times*. November 27, 1934.
[16] *Daily Worker*. May 11, 1934.
[17] Lenin. Speech to the Young Communist League. October 3, 1920.

ticular celebration was "the result of a United Front between Socialists and Communists"; and concludes its Editorial note: "Long live the United Front!" It will be a bad day for America, and above all for the Catholics of America, if the present international Communist drive towards a "United Front" in Europe crosses the Atlantic during 1935.

THE LEGEND OF EUPHRASIA

By Walter Richardson

THE Roman Empire's capital, the town
Wherein Justinian dwelt and ruled, the port
Called after Constantine the Great—'twas here
Within this town of ancient battle fame
Justinian determined, long ago,
To build to the Omnipotent a church
Which would proclaim forever to the world
His wealth imperial and gloried power
And deep-felt love for God, the Heavenly Father.
So, filled with pious thoughts, one night he sought
His rest and straightway saw a happy vision.
A messenger from God, an angel, shone
Before his eyes and gently spoke to him.
"Thy plans, O Emperor, have favor found
With God, and so He lends thee aid divine.
Now take these plans He sends and spare no cost
To make thy temple richer than the dawn
In jeweled gold throughout its spacious halls.
Make it more grand than that of David's son!"
The angel vanished in his light and left
The Basileus alone in silent blankness.

The dawn was fairer than a rose next morn
As through the court there rang, distinct, yet low,
Checked and subdued, the voice of Rome's great monarch:
"Let there be wrought to God a stately dome
More rich and grand than that which Wisdom built.
To deck its holy walls with wealth and gems
Rob Egypt's shrines of all their spoils and prizes.

Apollo's shrine at Delos, rich in much
That should do honor to the Christ, despoil.
And strip Baalbec's Temple to the Sun
Of all its mighty, pagan decorations
To glorify our God, the great Jehovah."

Thus was it done. From every land there poured
The matchless stones to beautify the halls.
From upward rearing quarries, towering high,
The splendid stone was riven. Gleaming white,
Whiter than cherry blossoms, glanced the stone
That came from fabled Phrygia. And like snow
Touched with a hint of blood in crossing lines
Was stoical Sparta's. Like a maiden's hand,
Blue-veined, seemed that of pleasant Lydia.
And all day long the panting oxen threw
Their weight against the harness, straining up
A hilly trail with heavy blocks and beams
For which the depths of ancient Earth were sundered.

Then old Euphrasia, within her hut
Placed at the rocky mount's forbidding foot,
Looked out and saw the oxen's laboring.
She saw them eye with dread the knife-edged stones
That lined the rough roadbed. She saw the lash
Descend to sting the sweaty, heaving flesh
To quicker action. Pity moved her heart.
So up she rose in tender-hearted thought
And carried out her mattress, oat-straw stuffed,
And at the roadside stopped to rend the cloth,
Remove the chaff and strew with it the road.
But lo, the little straw her mattress held
Extended, amplified itself and hid
The flinty roadbed from the sight of all.
The road was covered with a mat of straw
To ease the ceaseless labor of the oxen.
Then to her hut the widow turned in peace. . . .

Thus twenty years speed on to nothingness;
The house of God is finished and is done
And workmen toil no more upon the hill.
God's will be done! the monarch views with pride
The walls and splendid dome of Saint Sophia.

"One thing is lacking yet," the ruler said
Unto a nearby sculptor. "Pay close heed.
Grave thou these words upon this perfect dome:
'Justinian presents this House to God.'"
Then turning back to look upon his joy,
To dream he saw his name upon the top,
He murmured to himself in ecstasy,
"I have exceeded thee, O Solomon!"

The day of dedication dawned with brilliance.
Clad in the purple robes of royalty
Justinian took his seat before the rest
Upon his throne that overlooked the people
Gathered from every corner of the world
To see, to marvel at the rich creation.
Behold the finished wonder, arching high
Above the crowd that gapes and strives to see.
The great King bends and curves his neck to view
His name writ high as donor of the place
Of hallowed beauty rarely seen by man.
But not across the monarch's face there comes
That sated look of full-fed, sinful pride.
Instead his face shows wonder and amaze.
What does this ruler see that startles him?
The crowd looks up to read with deep surprise
The written words across the gift to God.
The royal Roman's name is *not* inscribed
Upon the edifice he reared to God.
But deeply graven in the marble stone,
Athwart the eyes of earth these words are burned:
"Euphrasia presents this House to God."

Regaining all his wonted dignity
Justinian rose in majesty and asked,
"Who is Euphrasia? Where does she bide?
And who has put her name upon the stone?"
From out the crowd there stepped a man, awe-filled,
To face this mighty lord of men and Rome,
A beggar clad in rags and filthiness.
"Most noble King, whose name I am not fit
To pass between my lips, I know of her.
Her home is set against the road that brought
Thee hither up the mountainside to-day,

And there the widowed woman may be found
Bedfast and burdened with the weight of years."
He hushed and turned to go his way unknown,
But him Justinian stopped and had brought back.
"Lead thou my men to this old woman's hut,
And they will bring her safe to me. Set out
To make all haste, for this bears no delay."

So she was brought before the Emperor.
"By what witchcraft hast thou this mischief done?
What devil's arts, O daughter of Dian,
Placed thy name there where mine should read on high?"
"My sire, of these dread things I nothing know.
No witch am I nor have I any powers
Of darkness or of magic. All my life
For God and for His church I've truly lived."
"Then what didst thou that there thy name should stare
From the towering dome where mine was ordered placed?"
"O lord, I nothing did or gave to help
The building of this wondrous church of thine
But one small act, not worthy of repeating."
"Speak, woman. Tell thy deed. Who knows God's will?"
"A little straw I threw upon the road
Because the beasts were laden heavily,
Because the road was harsh to weary feat.
But strange to tell, my gentle King, the straw
Spread out itself o'er all this winding road
And covered it as with a tufted rug.
Now that was all I did or gave." "But all,"
The great King said, "that God required of thee
To write thy name upon this holy place
And in the scrolls of those beloved of God."

OUR REGIMENTED MIND

By William Thomas Walsh

WHENEVER I hear anyone say that Communism (or Fascism) can never be a real danger in America because our rugged individualism would never make terms with it, I wonder whether this quality is really ours in a degree that sets us apart from the rest of the human race, or whether it is merely a characteristic called into play by pioneer conditions, and unlikely to have survived them permanently. I wonder whether we really possess any more independence of spirit than the Spanish who gave the world the first essentials of popular government as early as the eleventh century, or the fiery Italians who have been just as eager in the past to kill the tyrants they disliked as to shout *"Viva"* for those they admired, or the Poles, or the Irish, who have resisted foreign domination for seven centuries. I wonder whether the younger Count Tolstoy did not have at least as clear a view of the problem as we have when he wrote before the Bolshevist revolution that there was more individual independence among the Russians under the Czars than he could find in any American city: more real freedom of thought and expression, less anxiety to be like everyone else, one of the herd. He noted that all Americans tended to dress alike, to have the same opinions, to read the same books, to build hotels so similar that if a man were dropped down from the sky into any of our first-rate cities, he would find it hard to deduce from his room and its equipment where he was.

In Russia, said Count Tolstoy (I cannot quote the exact words), it was assumed that each person would have individual taste in books, music, dress, homes, politics, or art, while in America the dissenter was looked upon with suspicion as a freak, and those who talked most about freedom and democracy were more regimented by the tyranny of popular opinion than any monarchistic people in the world. Every stenographer must wear a fur coat and look as much like a banker's daughter as possible; every person of moderate erudition must read the latest best seller or be made to feel like an ignoramus. Every man must wear clothes of the same general cut: collars like those of Theodore Roosevelt, felt hats of similar design.

These statements are probably extreme and I may have exaggerated what Count Tolstoy said, but I am afraid there is much truth in the picture, and the more my mind goes back, decade after decade, into American history, the more I am convinced that a great deal of our boasted individualism was nothing more than a glorified memory of our successful struggle for independence against England, and that during the past hundred years our history has been less remarkable for insurgency than for a tame acceptance of authority; not the authority of government, for tradition makes us jealous of rulers, but the empery of mass emotion released by timely catchwords and slogans.

When I consider how easily the people of Paris would leap to the

barricades at the first sign of governmental injustice either in medieval or in modern times, and how the Spanish commons, not only in Catalonia but in Castile, resented any attempt even on the part of powerful kings to require excessive military service, or to trespass on any of their ancient *fueros* or privileges, I am all the more astonished at the meekness with which millions of Americans with hot young blood in their veins permitted themselves to be drafted for service in what was primarily a European quarrel in 1917 and 1918, and how patient our people have been during a period of economic stress that would have produced riots and demonstrations in medieval Italy or in the Russia of the Czars. Democracy has a tyranny of its own, even if it works more subtly than the old forms. It is a tyranny all the more effective because it compels not so much by an outward symbol of authority, as by a powerful mob impulse which seems, even when it is cleverly directed from behind the scenes, to proceed from the people themselves.

This characteristic smacks strongly of the camp meeting spirit which played so important a part in the early history of this country. The Puritan, who could revile popes and cut off the heads of kings, could be led like a lamb in the thrall of any idea, true or false, which he could be made to accept *en masse;* he could be dominated more effectively by slogans than by principles. Most of us in America have fallen heir to this tendency to do the goose step for any watchword that may at the moment appeal to our idealism or our sentimentality. Hence nearly every crisis in our history has been decided less by reason than by emotion. There may have been, and were, good arguments for rejecting an English tax justified by precedent, and surely not burdensome in amount, but it was the cry, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," that fanned into flame an emotion far more potent than logic. As an American I cannot regret this particular triumph of feeling over reason; I merely note that the colonists had grievances far less acute than the Irish and were far more inclined to act upon slogans than to compromise on the basis of reason.

It is impossible for the impartial historian to justify our war against Mexico in 1848. Abraham Lincoln saw this and had courage to say it, and lost the governorship of Illinois in consequence. His was the voice of reason, but it was smothered under the noise of such catchwords as "Remember the Alamo!" and "Down with the Greasers!" Similarly, when the problem of slavery divided the country, it was emotion, and not reason, that produced the curse of a four years' Civil War. The English people had solved the same problem on principles of common sense: their government bought the slaves and turned them free, thus leaving the owners little or no sense of grievance. The molders of public opinion in our northern States had no sympathy for such a simple solution, but preferred to act on abolitionary slogans appealing to idealistic emotions which were very good, perhaps, in themselves, but which failed to recognize the injustice of penalizing men for abuses sanctioned by law. The whole period of the Civil War and the "reconstruction" was dominated by the camp meeting spirit; and the slogans, "Free the slaves!" "The Union forever!" covered a multitude of sins. The Union was preserved and

the slaves freed. Good! But a less emotional people would have accomplished both results without a civil war.

After many intervening campaign slogans, such as "Tippicanoe and Tyler too!" . . . "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," we come at last to the Spanish American War, and here, if ever, the camp meeting spirit triumphed over all considerations of justice and right reason. Our quarrel with Spain had been diligently nursed by the new yellow journalism of Hearst and Pulitzer, whose primary interest, it is to be feared, was in circulation rather than in justice. The efforts of Pope Leo XIII. and of the great powers of Europe in the interests of peace were brushed contemptuously aside, and even after the Spanish had humbled themselves to the extent of granting all our demands, even the most unreasonable, President McKinley, himself a victim of stimulated popular emotion, sent a message to Congress asking for war, and the people's representatives, ignoring the virtual surrender of the Spanish, let loose the spirit of greed and of hate which drew America into world politics, sacrificed many American lives needlessly, and laid the foundation for our present acute problems in the Pacific. This may have been good business (for some interests) but it was bad ethics, bad nationalism, bad reasoning, bad faith. The generation which bellowed "Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night"; the generation that shivered at the hell-fire sermons of Moody and Sankey, and sniggered at the strains of the "Hootchee Kootchee," marched the streets screaming "Remember the Maine! To hell with Spain!" before the question of what happened to the Maine (a mystery to this day) had even been investigated.

After 1900, the individualists of North America were hitting the sawdust trail for Billy Sunday, and singing, "The Brewer's Big Hosses Won't Run Over Me." Theodore Roosevelt wrote a book or two on shooting bears, and there was great talk everywhere about outdoor life, the wide open spaces, and God's country in the west. In 1915, the citizenry, except those of German descent, or those sympathetic with Germany for other reasons, were denouncing the "Huns" for atrocities committed in Belgium; but in the following year, a contradictory emotion, owing something, no doubt, to President Wilson's broad hint that there was such a thing as being too proud to fight, swept that idealist back into office with the slogan, "He kept us out of war! He kept us out of war!" Our will to peace, being founded upon emotion, was not very stable, however, for the following year, under the pressure of the same master hand, we were echoing new slogans: "Make the world safe for democracy!" "Down with the Huns!" "Save little Belgium!" "Don't start your fires until November 1st!" "Keep the home-fires burning!" "Hooverize with Hoover!" "Give till it hurts!" "Buy Liberty Bonds!" "Buy thrift stamps!" The first casualties among the Americans in the foreign war somewhat dampened the emotion, but the Armistice fortunately intervened after a few months, substituting an appeal to an opposite emotion, this time charged with a fervent thankfulness for peace.

For the period of unparalleled prosperity President Harding gave

us the slogan, "Return to Normalcy." It might almost be said that ever since then, American political life, in so far as it has involved or touched the electorate profoundly has been expressed in one slogan after another. Having "returned to normalcy," we "kept cool with Coolidge"; we put our eggs in different stock market baskets, we joined Christmas Clubs; and having solved cross-word puzzles and mastered the intricacies of Mah-Jong and contract bridge, we sailed serenely into the era of "two chickens in every pot and two cars in every garage," while the strains of "The Sidewalks of New York," were drowned out by the more triumphant shouts of "Hoover and Prosperity," and "Keep the Pope out of Washington!" The Pope remained out of Washington. But not so the Boop-a-Doop girls, Hot-Cha parties, boys and girls making whoopee, Big Butter-and-Egg Men, logrollers, lobbyists, jobbers and promoters—an intensified era of jazz, of cynical hedonism and political complacency, while the people, soon to descend on the greased ways of financial collapse, consoled themselves as long as they could with the presidential slogan that "Prosperity is just around the corner."

In 1932, in spite of the contrapuntal basso of Mr. Hoover, lugubriously predicting that grass would soon be growing on American city streets, the shrill promises of a "New Deal," without much detailed proof that the "New Deal" would be necessarily better than the old in the long run (and it is not within the scope of this paper to attempt a judgment on this point), captured the emotional vibrations of the populace with such good effect that, for some months, the American people of all parties accepted changes that were revolutionary, and a degree of regimentation that probably could not or would not have been accomplished without physical coercion by czars or emperors, and all with a patience and a resignation as remarkable as they were unprecedented. Perhaps all this could not have been achieved by force, but unquestionably it was effected by a few slogans reënforced by economic necessity—"N.R.A.!" "The Blue Eagle!" "Do your part!" "No chiseling!"

To-day, as President Roosevelt struggles to restore the economic balance, while men applaud or fume or hold their breath in fear, there come from a distance the murmurings of new watchwords, indistinct, sometimes contradictory, sometimes hardly distinguishable from one another. Some day one of these slogans will capture the popular fancy at the right moment or the wrong moment, and whip the country into a frenzy of uncontrollable emotion. Let us hope that it will be a good slogan, and not a bad one; the cause of Christ and not that of Antichrist.

It still costs nothing to hope, fortunately. But when I hear men assure one another that "Collectivism," for example, constitutes no real danger to these United States, I wonder. There is still a great deal of the camp meeting spirit left in this country, and Collectivism (whether in the form of Communism or in the guise of Fascism) is a new heresy appealing to a peculiarly odious but often unconscious form of sentimental idealism left over from Calvinism.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

THE selling value of a popular newspaper whose aim is circulation, is headlines. And the selling headline must provide a daily thrill. The most ordinary event must be "sensational, astounding," a "monstrous scandal" and what not. Rumor is made to rank with fact, and necessary hysteria is supplied by invention which has not even the value of rumor. This is one of the gravest dangers public opinion and democratic judgment have now to face in domestic affairs. But when international matters are dealt with in the same way, the danger to world peace is of the gravest kind. . . . Secret diplomacy was bad; the diplomacy of papers out for circulation and of parties out for votes is deadly.

—J. Ramsay MacDonald, quoted in the *Herald Tribune*.

When in the course of a few weeks one fairly intelligent citizen frankly confesses ignorance of the identity of Royal S. Copeland, another's face assumes a quizzical look at the mention of Walter Lippmann and still another asks you to please tell him who on earth is Claude G. Bowers, only two lines of thought remain open: either you've been underestimating your own intelligence all these years, or, as is more likely, there is a woeful lack of interest in the affairs and knowledge of the people who make the world go round. I assure you that any one of my inquirers could tell me all I want to know about Bill Terry, Jean Harlow or Harry Kipke; for that matter, I'm pretty well "up" on these celebrities myself. But the fact remains that these very people are the first to complain about some particularly obnoxious political deal, the first to suffer from excessive taxation, the first to be affected by the ravages of war. If they were only half as interested in their government as in Babe Ruth's batting average, our country and our community would be in a far better condition than the most optimistic could say of it at the present time.

—Arthur F. Nadelman, in *The New York Times*.

"There was one of his [Cecil Rhodes] pet themes which I have never been able to digest. That was the absurd Nietzschean doctrine of the superiority of the Nordic races. I had already in those days, become convinced that the Latins and Celts possessed certain qualities of the mind and of the spirit which were largely lacking in the British and in the German Nordic make-up. All races, indeed, appeared to me complementary to the others, and I have grown with years only more firmly fixed in the belief that there is nothing more fatuous in international affairs than to believe in the unquestioned superiority of one's own people and the inferiority of others.

—Sir Esmé Howard, former Ambassador from Great Britain, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May.

There are the practical people who smile sagely at those who would wipe out war and poverty and prejudice, and these wise men say, "That

is all very well, but of course it can't be done the first thing tomorrow morning." And perhaps they are right. Nothing of very much moment is ever done tomorrow morning. No group or individual with a true concern will e v e r wait that long. Like the women of the Easter story, they will choose "the first day of the week" and "the rising of the sun." "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulcher?" And the answer is nobody but ourselves by united effort. And that should be the greatest miracle of all and the one most acceptable unto God. Though the stone is very great, it is not an immovable body. The fissures in its surface show that here is no granite gate set against our progress for all time. Within the shoulders and the hearts of men there lies the strength to toss it out of the path like a pebble.

—Heywood Broun.

What is perhaps surprising and refreshing to-day is the reëmergence on the part of students of an extraordinary preoccupation with literature and the arts, and with philosophy. Students seem to see more than their elders that any changes in society are worthless save as they make a life worth living more generally available. Students more than their elders and more than their predecessors seem to s e n s e what some of the ingredients of a life worth living are. The new seriousness among undergraduates is not concerned simply with what is coming next, but with what in any commonwealth worth the name would nourish the spirit of man. The newspapers are full of what students are against. If you ask them what they are for, they may unexpectedly quote you a poet or a philosopher. For birth and death and many of the deepest things between the two are present in every era. That is one of the things this generation of students is quietly learning in the midst of the shouting.

—Irwin Edman, Professor of Philosophy, Columbia University, in *The New York Times*.

Great art has no need of "calling a spade a spade." That is the talent of the police reporter.

—Channing Pollock, in *The Rotarian*.

Unless you think that war is a way to the good life will you be so kind as to tell me why you D. A. R. have h i g h l y commended the increased army appropriations, why you are calling for the biggest navy in our history, besides a new merchant marine and an air s c h o o l modeled on West Point? . . . You call for a treaty fleet big enough to defend our far-flung commercial interests in the Orient. Am I to conclude that you are willing to have your son and your son's sons shot down to defend not American soil but American trade? . . . Did it ever occur to you that there is something profoundly indecent, something profoundly immoral in the spectacle of women egging men on to go to war? . . . With my last breath I will challenge your right to decide for other mothers whether their sons should give themselves up to mass murder. Some animals destroy their young. Human beings should be above that level. We bear children to give them life, not death.

—Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, in an open letter to Mrs. William A. Becker, newly-elected President of the D. A. R., in *World-Telegram*, April 23d.

The new German faith that is to supplant Christianity starts out under one big handicap. It is much too aristocratic. The attitude and

the language are Nietzsche's, though his exact vocabulary may not be too conspicuous. The pagan Nazis say heroes where Nietzsche said the superman, but the Nazi rejection of Christ does not perceptibly differ from Nietzsche's fierce contempt for the "slave morality" of the Nazarene. But it is hard to think of a new religion manufactured out of books and professors' race theories and taken to their hearts by the masses. The record runs the other way. Religions spring up out of the soil of the common life to overrun the classes and the rulers.

—*The New York Times*, May 1st.

If the militarists would only carry their idea through to its logical conclusion they would see that with modern weapons it means the extinction of the human species.

—Richard B. Gregg, *The Power of Non-Violence.*

The seasoned politician who has the courage of his convictions understands what he is to do. . . . He denounces everything that people don't like and does nothing to interfere with the freedom of anyone to try to make a living any way he chooses. He knows the most dangerous act, politically, is to try to save anyone from himself, so he devotes himself almost entirely to s a v i n g people from their symbolic enemies. He denounces monopolies, chain stores, bankers, l a b o r leaders, railroads, communists, or any class or things or people that a lot of people dislike, including all other politicians. . . . But if he is cynically wise he never votes to restrict the free citizen in his right to go on supporting every evil thing or practice of which he complains.

—Donald Richberg.

Except for a few outstanding aviators, to the average undergraduate to-day the last war was anonymous and heroless. . . . For him war has lost its last idealistic trappings and is an unmitigated evil. Courage, he will admit, is common to Germans, Englishmen, Americans and Frenchmen, but courage has ceased to avail against the seven-league gun, the deadly gas, the unseen mine or submarine. . . . The present undergraduate who has seen Lenin and Trotsky overthrow the empire of the C z a r s, and Hitler and Mussolini shape Germany and Italy, no longer believes that history makes men; he believes that men make history. He may be criticized for being over-optimistic and for lacking realism, but it is folly to accuse him of softness or lack of patriotism.

—Christian Gauss, in *The New York Times.*

Neither the communist nor the fascist régime could exist for an hour in the atmosphere of intellectual freedom. Give the people of those countries permission to assemble, to speak freely and the reign of the communists and the fascists would speedily end. Yet people in this country are advocating measures which would fit into no other program in the world save the program of sheer arbitrary power.

—Senator Borah, in *The Christian Century*, May 1st.

STUDY CLUBS

Stamford and Elsewhere

By Blanche Mary Kelly

A PRELIMINARY account of the Catholic Summer Center at Stamford, N. Y., was given in the June, 1934, issue of The Catholic World, and I am directing this sequel especially to those who may have felt that the Stamford plan was merely another over-publicized failure. I have, of course, another purpose, which I trust will become evident in the course of this article.

To begin with, the Center was so directly the opposite of a failure that we who were concerned with its destinies were sometimes, in the light of our knowledge of the history of God's ways, dismayed by its success, but we had a reassuring share of hardships, and our first summer's experience left us with thankful hearts.

As already related, the small permanent Catholic population of Stamford has for years been augmented by hundreds during the summer months, and it was in this unquestionably propitious environment that we attempted to carry out some part of the Holy Father's behest that the laity participate in the work of the hierarchy. It seemed to us who sponsored the plan that our efforts would be best directed towards some form of adult education, though, needless to say, we had no thought of a school of any sort, since that need is elsewhere so amply met. Rather it became our object to offer to vacationists opportunities for some of the intellectual activities of which they are too busy to avail themselves during the winter season.

It goes without saying that the idea that people would devote any part of their precious summer leisure to the improvement of their minds or the benefit of their souls was scoffed at even by those who were most desirous that they should do these very things, but on the other hand we knew the situation at Stamford and we had interpreted certain signs of the times to mean that a scheme which might have failed a dozen or even six years ago would be received more kindly by those whom the experiences of the interval had brought to a deep heart.

And so it turned out. The Center was formally opened on the first Sunday of July with a high Mass for which the music was furnished by the choir of the cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Albany, N. Y., in which diocese Stamford is situated and to the encouragement of whose bishop it owes so much of its success.

The sermon on that occasion was preached by Rev. Dr. John A. Garvin, C.M., who sounded the keynote of the Center's work, and on the evening of that day started the first of four three-day open retreats. The other three were preached by the pastor and spiritual director of the Center, Rev. James A. Dasey, who possesses to a signal degree the qualities essential to such an enterprise,—vision and courage.

These retreats were likewise an

occasion of foreboding to our friends, many of whom assured us that we could not expect people on vacation to make them. And yet they did. Many made them after assuring us that the retreats were the only part of our program in which they were not interested, while others came for the express purpose of following these exercises. Among the retreatants there was a large proportion of young people and among the young people an inspiring number of young men. But even if the retreats had been poorly attended we should none the less have regarded them as an essential item in a program which so clearly recognizes personal holiness as a basis for Catholic Action, especially in the intellectual field.

Foremost among the intellectual features of the summer's program was the series of formal weekly lectures which had been so planned as to cover the entire field of Catholic thought, especially as it touches modern problems and needs. Space prevents a detailed account of these lectures, but the names of the speakers and the titles of their subjects should sufficiently indicate their quality and range. On Thursday nights, then, during July and August the following speakers were heard: Rev. John Hartigan, S.T.L., professor at Cathedral College, New York, on "Catholic Action and Educated Catholics"; Michael Williams, editor of *The Commonweal*, on "The Catholic Resurgence"; Rev. Joseph A. Dunney, pastor of St. Helen's Church, Schenectady, N. Y., and a distinguished authority on educational questions, on "The Sin in the Cinema"; Dr. James V. Hart, well-known radio speaker, on "Seeing by the Papers," a survey of the position of the Catholic Church in the world to-day; Blanche Mary Kelly, on "Literary Convictions"; Dorothy Day, the former Communist who as a Catholic is living a life of apostolic poverty and as editor of *The Catholic Worker* is endeavoring to vanquish Communism with its own weapons, on "The Quest for Social Justice"; Samuel Fowle Telfair, professor of History at Fordham University, on "The Old History and the New Historians"; Dr. Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, professor of English at the College of the City of New York, on "Standards in Literature," the series being concluded by Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., director of *Liturgical Arts* and a member of the editorial staff of *America*, in a talk on "Liturgical Art."

The lectures were a feature of the Stamford plan concerning which its sponsors felt no misgivings and as they looked back over them from the end of the summer they had no occasion for regret. They were, however, less important than the feature which gave the plan its name, that is the Center itself, a roomy house situated directly across the road from the church and called St. Joseph's Villa. This became the headquarters for all our activities. Here was housed the lending library, here the study groups met, and here, within doors or out, Stamford's Catholic population made itself thoroughly at home.

The Baroness de Hoeck, a Catholic social worker from Toronto, was in temporary residence as directress of the Villa, and since she is a Russian who has had first-hand experience of Communism, a series of informal talks which she gave weekly aroused wide interest. Similar talks were given by other speakers from time to time as when Msgr. Glavin of the Albany diocese spoke

on the Mass and the Madonna in Art and when Peter Maurin stirred an unexpectedly assembled audience with one of his unconventional addresses.

The library is a really creditable collection of Catholic books, some of which were loaned to us by friends although most of them were outright gifts. They were loaned to borrowers *gratis*, and once visitors had recovered from the shock of the discovery that there was nothing to pay they were in constant circulation. In addition to books we had received from the same sources subscriptions to the foremost American Catholic magazines, and it was a common sight to see people sitting on the porch or under the trees on the lawn deep in book or periodical.

However, important and essential to our plan as all these were, the activity upon which we set most store was the study group. The idea, I need scarcely remark, did not originate with us. The study club in one form or other has long been in use among Catholics and non-Catholics, but as a form of Catholic Action it has the special approbation of the Holy Father, it has been specifically recommended by the Apostolic Delegate, and it is organized under hierarchical supervision in all parts of the world.

But our peculiar circumstances, the temporary character of our Catholic community, obliged us to proceed along lines somewhat different from those followed elsewhere, and this, if it be a contribution, is the only one we feel we have made to study club work.

For obviously the subjects that would recommend themselves to the attention of persons meeting at intervals over a long period of time were impractical for assorted groups whose longest period of sojourn and contact was two months. Under the circumstances, the only subject to which it seemed we could do even scant justice was the study club itself, and so we directed our energies to a consideration of the need, purpose, organization and conduct of study clubs, in the hope of arousing interest in them as an exceptionally effective form of Catholic Action, but especially with the object of preparing the members of the Stamford groups to act as leaders of similar groups in their home parishes, always, of course, subject to the approval of their pastors.

This, after all, was no slight objective. It gave us two definite ends to aim at: the consideration of the various needs which the study club is designed to meet, and the examination of the practical working of the club so as to meet these needs.

From the outset our own work was done under the guidance of the Study Club Committee of the N. C. W. C., whose publications constituted the bulk of the valuable material on our pamphlet racks, and whose chairman, Miss Margaret Lynch, visited the Center twice.

Acting on the Committee's recommendations and, indeed, on our own instinct in the matter, we kept these groups as flexible as possible, avoiding any suggestion of the lecture-hall or classroom and relying upon the directors (in whom we were rarely fortunate), to prevent the discussions from deteriorating into mere desultory chatter.

The discussions themselves were only roughly planned by the director, who would occasionally assign a report on some disputed point or who would himself gather up the tangled issues. What should espe-

cially be remembered is that the membership of these groups was of the most varied sort, so that persons of the most widely different background and experience met as they would never meet in a classroom or even socially, each contributing something and each taking something away from that kindling of the spirit which inevitably results when mind meets mind. It is a matter of the deepest regret to me that limitations of space as well as discretion prevent my recounting some of the more thrilling of our experiences in this field.

As a result of our desire to study the study club in action the members of the Stamford groups made a survey of the work in American dioceses. The questionnaire which they sent out met the usual and perhaps the deserved fate of all such inquiries, which is that in most cases it was not answered at all. Many of those addressed did answer, however, and their replies are ample justification for this, in many respects the most important, section of my paper.

Of those who answered many admitted, but generally with expressions of regret, that the study club is not organized in their dioceses, or at least is not under diocesan supervision. Elsewhere study clubs on a rather large scale are operated in direct coöperation with the N. C. W. C. with truly stupendous results, while in other dioceses similar results are achieved through clubs under independent organization and leadership.

Of those under N. C. W. C. leadership Cleveland is an outstanding example of systematic organization, inasmuch as each of the auxiliary deaneries has a deanery chairman whose duty it is to foster the formation of such clubs. Miss Mary O'Callaghan, executive secretary of the Cleveland council, reports a growing interest in religious, educational, civic and cultural subjects, listing the topics studied under church history, the Mass, the Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII., international ethics, book reviews, music, art, poetry and current events.

Mrs. W. D. Walsh, diocesan chairman of study clubs for the diocese of Springfield, Ill., where the work is likewise under N. C. W. C. guidance, declares that there has resulted an increase in the reading and discussion of Catholic literature and a better knowledge of the faith which enables the members of the groups to present the Catholic standpoint both accurately and tactfully. "Leaders," she says, "are in the making, and many who were timid at first are now (after three years) very active in various Catholic works."

Mrs. T. W. Reynolds is president of the Charleston Council of the N. C. W. C., whose study outlines are closely followed. Last year, when the Gospel of St. Mark was studied, two papers were read at each meeting and afterwards discussed. The room in which the meetings were held resembled a classroom, with maps and reference books, and the results would seem to justify this departure from the usual procedure. In fact this serves to emphasize the fact that wise study group direction will always know when to adhere to and when to depart from rules.

Seattle has twenty-eight active study clubs, with an average membership of between forty and sixty, meeting at various intervals and studying a variety of topics. Cultural subjects such as art and current Catholic literature engaged the

attention of an active group in Missoula, Mont., in the diocese of Helena, whose chairman, Mrs. A. B. Kimball, considers it fairly typical of others in the diocese.

In Natchez the guiding influence seems to be the I. F. C. A., the Mississippi chapter of which in 1930 adopted a resolution to promote this form of activity. Numerous groups have developed, each directing its own program. The usual subjects are studied, with some emphasis on cultural topics, and there is always open discussion at the meetings, which are held bimonthly, usually at the home of a member. An exceptionally enlightening report, received through the courtesy of the chancellor, Msgr. D. J. O'Beirne, records that these study clubs "keep alive interest in education, bring Catholic women together in a common cause, train mothers for a more enlightened fulfillment of their duties, promote better citizenship and train leaders for the great work of Catholic Action."

Among the assorted groups of special interest the following are noteworthy: the men's club of the cathedral parish of Los Angeles, who meet monthly and listen to a lecture by a prominent speaker; St. Roch's study club of St. Louis, under the direction of Msgr. John P. Spencer, made up of men and women and using as a textbook Mrs. Maisie Ward's *Catholic Evidence Training Outlines;* the men's group in the parish of St. Philip Neri, Chicago, whose pastor, Rev. William Kinsella, leaves much to the initiative of the chairman.

That the success of a group is obviously due in large part to the personality of the director is apparent in Belleville, Ill., where the two groups in the cathedral parish, recruited from the members of the Young Ladies' Sodality, have the good fortune to be under the guidance of Rev. C. E. Hellrung. Father Hellrung declares that the study club work has revealed a desire to learn more about the Catholic religion, and from his experience with the high school and college graduate members of his groups he draws the interesting conclusion that "study clubs are needed to supply what even our schools of higher learning are unable to supply, as the discussions brought out the fact that the lessons of the catechism are often forgotten entirely or to such an extent as to be useless as a guide in the spiritual life."

Similar testimony comes from Father J. C. Culemans of Moline (diocese of Peoria), who favors actual study in the groups under his supervision, whose membership is largely of his personal selection and restricted to young people, "whose minds," says Father Culemans, "are still plastic, who have enthusiasm, willingness to dig in and who have a lifetime before them."

Two organizations of unusually interesting personnel and inspiring history exist in the diocese of Brooklyn. One of them is connected with St. Joseph's College, where it began in 1924 with extra-curricular groups for noncredit study, limited to undergraduates. Alumnæ were in due time invited to membership and they now have clubs in various subjects, some of which are closed to undergraduates. The religion group has given rise to what is called "Evenings with Christ," for which three courses are given each year by clerical members of the faculty, classes being held on the evening of the First Friday of every month and ending with the Holy Hour.

Dr. William T. Dillon, dean of the college, to whose leadership so much of this is due, has been active in study club work outside the college and now guides several groups of men and women in psychology and apologetics. Among those who attend his course in apologetics are the members of the Brooklyn Catholic Study and Retreat Club, an independent study club with a membership of sixty-five men and women between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-one, organized for the unique purpose of promoting better acquaintanceship and thus decreasing the likelihood of mixed marriages.

In the diocese of St. Cloud the movement is growing steadily under the direct encouragement of His Excellency the Bishop and in several instances it has assumed unusual forms, notably in the cathedral high school under the direction of Right Rev. Leo T. Keaveny, and at the St. Cloud Hospital, where the chaplain, Rev. Henry Frank, has organized a club among the nurses. One of the most deeply inspiring of all these enterprises is that conducted at Urbank, Minn. (in the St. Cloud diocese) by Rev. Matthew Hoffmann.

The singular interest which attaches to Father Hoffmann's work derives from the fact that it lies in an entirely rural community. Urbank, as a matter of fact, is a small inland town in Otter Tail County, with neither railroad nor post office, but boasting a parochial school with more than one hundred pupils. Despite the difficulties which naturally beset such pioneer conditions Father Hoffmann's club held nine meetings during its first season at which topics pertinent to the economic and social life of farming people were among those discussed.

Thrilling as these records of aspiration and achievement are (and I have been able to give only the barest indication of them), it is, when all is said, the diocese-wide study club that leaves one fairly speechless in realization of what may be accomplished through this instrumentality.

Among the dioceses where the work is carried out on this scale everyone must be at least acquainted with the honorable position held by Great Falls, Mont., whose bishop, Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, has organized his entire flock into study clubs under the sponsorship of the National Councils of Men and of Women.

Bishop O'Hara first launched the work by explaining it to the diocesan clergy, who in turn informed and instructed their parishioners. It is now organized throughout the diocese and consists of clubs for men, women and juniors. There is a diocesan chairman of the work, the present incumbent being Mrs. F. M. Wolfe, assisted by a district chairman, who in turn keeps in touch with all parish chairmen, assisting in the organization of new clubs and arousing and maintaining interest in the various courses of study.

These are to a great extent planned and supervised by Bishop O'Hara himself, two being given each year, one in the fall and the other during Lent. Besides the Mass and the Liturgy there have been courses in child training, in which connection a special booklet, *The Parent Educator*, prepared by a committee of which Bishop O'Hara is chairman, is used as text. During the Lent of 1934 all the study clubs in the diocese, to the number of 417, were studying the Life of

Christ as outlined by Bishop O'Hara.

It is of special interest that the Montana Board of Education allows one-fourth credit to high school pupils for one year's course in certain syllabuses of the Life of Christ. It is easy to understand the note of exhilaration which creeps into Mrs. Wolfe's words as she records some of the tangible results of this magnificent organization.

Wichita, Kans., presents another inspiring spectacle, for here, too, the study club idea has been officially sponsored for nearly four years. There are at present 126 groups, with a total membership of nearly 2,000, figures which must have been considerably increased since they were presented to me by Mrs. John W. Clendennin, who, besides being executive secretary, has assisted in the preparation of the outlines used in the five-year course on the Mass.

The outlines thus far issued include "Altar and Sanctuary," an exposition of the externals of the Mass, of which we were especially glad to avail ourselves in Stamford; "The New and Eternal Testament," an explanation of the doctrines and disciplinary canons of the Mass; and "Pray the Mass," a study of the liturgy through the Missal and prayers and ceremonies of the Mass.

Many of the study clubs in the Wichita diocese are organized within the membership of other societies, but they are all directed through the office of the Rev. Leon A. McNeill, diocesan superintendent of schools. The results are reported by Mrs. Clendennin to be satisfactory beyond anything that could have been hoped for.

The information concerning Dubuque, another well-known center of activity, has been courteously supplied to me by Right Rev. J. M. Wolfe, general director of the Catholic Youth Organization for Catholic Action. While the movement has been under way in the diocese for more than two years Msgr. Wolfe reports that it is naturally more active in some places than others, the leadership which is so essential to such movements and of such vast importance to the Church being necessarily a thing of slow development.

In this diocese it is organized along Catholic Action lines, with the parish and parochial institutions as the unit. Under the leadership of one of the parish clergy or a layman, small groups (eight to twelve members) are formed for the purpose of individual participation and discussion. The lecture system is avoided and meetings are held as far as possible throughout the entire year. The Mass and the Encyclicals again appear as favorite topics, and in the course of the year a Catholic Action week is held, at whose sessions pertinent subjects are discussed by all types of leaders. All the members of the Dubuque groups are expected to read *Catholic Action*, the official organ of the N. C. W. C., although the diocese as a whole is not organized under that supervision.

Before concluding I should like, even though it takes me beyond the original limits of this survey, to give a brief account of the Tuesday Morning Club of Honolulu, Hawaii. It developed some ten years ago out of the desire of a group of Catholic women to stimulate contact with one another along lines other than those of the long organized charitable work. It has taken the form of a regularly organized society with definite by-laws, duly elected officers and a formal program which consists of current events, a book re-

view and a formal paper, one of a series on an inclusive subject that has been selected by a program committee and submitted to the club as a whole at the annual meeting. A sample of one of these programs is truly admirable, with its recognition of the general interests of the Church and its attention to local conditions and history.

The club has a reading circle that meets weekly and which is described as filling a rather special place, as it gives those who want to read a specified time in which either to read or to listen. I am sincerely sorry that I can give only the barest outline of the organization and the spirit of this club, because it seems to me that it might well serve as a model, certainly as an inspiration, to all educated Catholic women, especially to those who feel that the training of their minds has not only given them a special field of interest but laid them under a moral obligation. I have had, however, throughout this entire account to be necessarily brief and unavoidably superficial, since for reasons of space I have been obliged to confine myself to the most salient features of the work surveyed.

I realize that this skimming process affords the most inadequate idea of the movement as a whole, as it does of the individual clubs. I realize also that even had I succeeded in getting on paper all the details with which I have been so graciously supplied the picture would still be far from complete, as there must be many dioceses in which the movement is being successfully promoted, although for one reason or another they have failed to supply the desired information.

This study of the study club may seem to have taken me far afield from Stamford and its activities, but as I have already said this survey was not the least important of the summer's activities, for it drove home the realization that our venture was neither a singular nor an initial step, but part of a vast awakening of the Catholic spirit.

With such a realization must come a fuller understanding of what it means to be a Catholic. Before it local boundaries vanish and Stamford ceases to stand isolated on its mountain top and merges in spirit with those other centers of Catholic Action, to which it is welded by ties stronger than blood, with great towns and remote villages throughout the country. Indeed the continent's boundaries disappear and the Catholic in Stamford knows himself a citizen of the world, not of this world only nor of an earthly city, but of "that Rome of which Christ was a Roman," the City of God.

WHAT'S WRONG IN MEXICO?

By Joseph McSorley
of the Paulist Fathers

MEXICO is much to the fore these days. Obviously somebody is directing a widespread effort to "sell" Mexico to the American people. We come upon frequent enthusiastic write-ups and broadcasts. The varied charms of our alluring Southern neighbor—her music, art, novels, poetry, archæology, folk ways—are all described in words calculated to move any undecided tourist, any hesitating Rotarian. But these propagandists either totally ignore, or try to explain away, certain glaring facts of recent history which to plain Americans seem very much like savage religious persecution.

In spite of the propaganda, it is clearly untrue that all is well under the Mexican flag. We get a different picture of conditions there from such writers as Carlton Beals in *The Nation*, George Creel in *Collier's*, Robert Hammond Murray and Raymond Moley in *Today*. Now comes a big book on Mexico—500 pages long, with a crimson cover and a jacket of red, white and green, entitled *Blood-Drenched Altars*, and written by Francis Clement Kelley.[1] Of course everybody knows that Francis Clement Kelley, Doctor of Philosophy of Louvain, Captain Chaplain of the Michigan Infantry in the Spanish American War, founder and president of the Catholic Church Extension Society, and for many years editor of the *Extension Magazine* of Chicago, is, since 1924, the Bishop of Oklahoma. He has to his credit half a dozen books and uncounted scattered articles. This latest book of his is really two volumes in one, for it contains nearly 150 pages of notes and documentation prepared by Eber Cole Byam, an old student of Mexicana. It is a book which will do a good deal towards upsetting the high-powered propaganda of professional writers, travel bureaus and Mexican officials; and, incidentally, it raises questions in one's mind about Ambassador Josephus Daniels, who, on his return from Mexico on April 22d, gave out a veiled apology for the Mexican administration. "Where has *he* been," one feels like asking, "while the events recorded in this book were happening?"

That the publisher reports the first edition of *Blood-Drenched Altars* already sold out is not surprising. This book is precisely what a great many of us have been looking for, namely, a volume of specific information on the present conflict between Church and State in Mexico. Articles in the magazines, stories in the newspapers, interviews and letters have been so contradictory of one another that thinking people are curious about the actual facts of the case. These people will find that Bishop Kelley's book answers many of the very questions they have been asking.

The Bishop presents quite frankly an *ex parte* statement—the brief of an advocate, not the impartial opinion of a judge. He bases argu-

[1] Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. 1935. $3.00.

ments on the admissions of his opponents, while conceding little or nothing himself. He covers an enormous amount of ground, from the Aztec days down to February, 1935. Amid the preoccupations of a busy life, he has had to do his work in haste—in eight weeks, he tells us—and inevitably there are omissions which limit the usefulness of the book. The notes could have been more skillfully arranged. One misses a bibliography. Still, for those who wish to learn the Catholic side of the case, this is by far the best volume as yet available.

In addition to the main dispute between Church and State in Mexico, there are, of course, several subordinate issues. These minor issues do not essentially affect the chief controversy; yet they are of interest to many and will, in the long run, do their part in winning or alienating public sympathy. For example, people are asking: Was not the Church in Mexico very rich? Are not the moral standards of the clergy very low? Is not the Church responsible for the prevalent illiteracy? If the people are ninety per cent Catholic, why do they allow the Church to be persecuted? Have not the bishops been active in politics? Have they not opposed progressive movements with regard to land, labor and education?

These are indeed important questions; they are full of human interest; they must be taken account of in any discussion of the present antagonisms. Nevertheless, though relevant, they are subordinate; they do *not* constitute the principal issue. *That* will be found in the dispute between Church and State over a more fundamental matter than any of those just mentioned. Let us therefore set the minor questions aside for the moment and focus our attention on what is really the main difficulty.

The present Mexican Government has enacted certain laws affecting the Catholic Church. The enforcing of these laws has involved widespread disturbance, in the course of which people have been driven from their homes, many have been imprisoned or punished, and a considerable number (possibly thousands) have been killed. The situation resembles a state of war.

By way of comment on these facts, representatives of the Government state the case equivalently as follows:

"It is the duty of the Mexican Government to see that the fruits of the Revolution, as defined in the Constitution of 1917, shall be extended to all the people of Mexico. In the discharge of this obligation, the Government is opposed by the Catholic clergy and their supporters, who openly state their opposition to governmental policies and their determination to resist. This resistance is a violation of the law; it will be punished as such. Steps are being taken to detect and to suppress every seditious attempt to foment disturbance or to organize opposition to the law. Local governments are encouraged to keep the clergy under strict surveillance; to limit their numbers; to restrict their activities; and to punish them severely for every act of disobedience. As in time of war, we are doing everything in our power to destroy the enemies of the Republic."

Recent legislation indicates the way in which the Government is carrying out its declared policy. No

Church may possess property and all objects which are used in connection with religious worship automatically become the property of the State. Any Mexican who becomes a minister of religion loses his vote. The authorities have intervened in matters of religious worship to such an extent that the practice of the Catholic religion has become impossible for millions of the people. Many churches—in some States, all—have been closed. Certain States forbid more than one priest in a district of 100,000 Catholics. At least a dozen States have banished priests entirely. Ecclesiastical seminaries are everywhere prohibited. Persons who have appealed to courts, legislatures, federal executives and governors have been punished.

Bishop Kelley describes what would happen if laws like these in Mexico were enforced in the U. S. A. The Methodist Episcopal Church, for example, could not own a building in its own name; and property, if held in the name of an individual, could be summarily confiscated. Moreover, all Methodist Episcopal hospitals, orphanages, schools, colleges and universities would be closed. If a new church or institution were built, it would immediately become the property of the State. From some States all Methodist Episcopal clergymen would be banished; and, in the other States, they would not be allowed to hold religious service over a dead Methodist, or to give a benediction at a banquet, or in church to discuss matters connected with prohibition or any other legislation. A clergyman could not vote at elections, nor could he advise a minor to join the Epworth League without being liable to prison sentence. In fact, the Methodist Girls' School in Pachuca had to abolish its Bible Classes and its branch of the Epworth League. To counsel others to protest against these laws would make one liable to a fine and to a prison sentence of from one to five years; and one accused of violating these laws would in most cases not be given a trial by jury.

An Amendment to the Constitution, made effective December 1, 1934, requires that all education, whether in public or in private schools shall be "socialist." This law was used to force parents to send their children to schools where they were taught atheism and given advanced sex instruction; and outrageous scenes were reported in the schools. Mass meetings of indignant parents alarmed the Government and brought about some change of program.

George Creel, writing in *Collier's*, describes conditions in the State of Tabasco, where divorce is now a matter of minutes only, and where an absolute dictator, Canabal, a member of the Federal Cabinet, has made every effort to uproot belief in God. Mr. Creel visited schools where the walls were lined with antireligious cartoons and writings; he heard a little Indian girl who had been trained to recite verses to the effect that all churches should be destroyed; he was told that the natives who fought in defense of their churches had been driven into the mountains by the soldiers.

It is, of course, incredible that the legislation just described could be imposed upon a whole nation without provoking resistance. The Mexican bishops urged their people to refrain from all illegal acts, but there have been several clashes between Catholics and troops or armed Government organizations.

On Sunday, December 30th, at Goyoacan, occurred what is known as "the Christmas Massacre"—sixty armed men fired on people coming out from Mass, killing and wounding many. At the door of another church, twenty men were shot down for resisting troops about to enter it. On March 3d, of the present year, police opened fire with machine guns on a parade of students, killing six persons and wounding more than a hundred.

These incidents illustrate the general features of a situation which may perhaps be far worse than we know. Carrying out its conception of "war time policy," the Government has attempted to build a wall of censorship about its operations. The domestic press has been muzzled, and part of the foreign press banned; court trials have been refused; penalties have been inflicted without due process of law. All this, as such a policy is bound to do, intensifies the suspicion that the Government cannot afford to let the truth be known. The suspicion becomes still more acute when, as has happened on several occasions, Government officials are caught in an attempt to deceive. When, in reply to the rumor that a great number of priests had been killed, an *attaché* of the Mexican Embassy in Washington equivalently affirmed that no priest had been killed except Father Pro, Archbishop Curley published the names of a dozen.

The Catholic clergy, on their side, are determined not to accept certain decrees of the Government. At different times appeals have been made to the Mexican Congress, on one occasion in a petition signed by over two million citizens. The bishops have called upon the Catholic people "to defend their natural rights by every licit and legal means." They have directed parents to withdraw their children from schools where "socialistic" instruction is given, and they have warned Catholic teachers and principals not to impart or permit such instruction.

Archbishop Ruiz y Flores, the Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, exiled in 1932, and now living in San Antonio, gives the following description of the way in which the Catholic Church carries on.

"Officially only 300 priests are permitted in all Mexico, to serve 15,000,000 people, of whom nearly 90% were born into the Catholic Faith. Actually, the number remains the same as after the deportations of 1926—around 3,000. No priest, unless forcibly ejected, leaves Mexico to-day without permission from his superior. When one of these is exiled or imprisoned, his place is filled by other Mexicans who must now be secretly trained abroad for the priesthood—a number in schools and monasteries in the United States. That is why the Governor of Puebla demanded that all priests in his province be over fifty years old.

"Twenty-seven hundred priests now live in hiding in Mexico, in the mountains, in the villages and the large cities, working to keep the Faith alive. The people bring them chickens, eggs and potatoes to eat, so that they exist like the Apostles of the first Christian days. They answer sick calls or go to perform the last Rites, frequently at risk of their own lives. They say Mass in secret chapels, and keep the Holy Eucharist in private houses. Several months ago, a law was passed confiscating any private dwelling where religious services were known

to be carried on. And yet I have learned in the past week that in one State where a priest is allowed, eighty-three priests are working in secret; and there in one day 30,000 people recently received Communion."[2]

Such, in brief, is the situation in Mexico—an *impasse* between Church and State which has aroused the attention of the whole civilized world. Assuming the outline given above to be correct—and the facts I have alleged are not in dispute—we see that the fundamental question is clearly this: "Has the Mexican Government the right to prohibit the practice of the Catholic religion?"

This issue involves moral and political principles of the highest importance. It is equivalently the question, "Is the State omnipotent?" The Mexican Government has taken its stand on the doctrine that the State is independent of, and superior to, natural human rights. The Catholic Church contradicts that doctrine. Without entering here and now into an elaborate discussion of the arguments which support either side of this controversy, I affirm that the American Tradition is whole-heartedly opposed to belief in State omnipotence.

Conditions in Mexico suggest also another question — less profound perhaps, but more immediately practical: Would the end aimed at by the Mexican Government, if good, justify the means now in use? To this question the obvious reply is that, of course, the end does *not* justify the means. This principle is recognized by every sound moralist. Even if one assumes that the Revolution is right, and that the Mexican Government is justified in destroying the Catholic religion, it would still be wrong to attain this end by cruelty and injustice. It is always wrong to punish innocent people, to refuse a just trial to persons suspected or accused.

This second aspect of the question looms largest in the world outside. That the Mexican Government, no matter on what grounds, has departed from the common usage of free peoples in dealing with the members of the Catholic Church, arouses widespread indignation. Less well advertised and less well understood than the persecutions which have lately occurred in Russia and Germany, the Mexican persecution has nevertheless awakened deep resentment, for, as a rule, races that enjoy a high degree of human liberty, treasure it greatly and greatly desire it to be shared by others.

To speak first of the United States: More than once this nation has intervened in Mexico, and intervened vigorously, for the express purpose of helping Mexicans to secure the enjoyment of large liberty. On one occasion—in 1915, through Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan—we actually cautioned the leaders of the Mexican people with regard to their treatment of the Catholic Church. And, as the existing persecution gradually becomes known, American opinion expresses itself in condemnation of the Mexican Government. Liberals, like Ernest Gruening, very friendly to Mexico, have censured "the ruthlessness incidental to the suppression of revolts, Catholic and political," by the Calles administration. Carlton Beals may be regarded as spokesman for a whole group, intelligent enough to perceive and honest enough to declare that no

[2] *The Commonweal*, March 8, 1935.

matter how noble the aim of the Mexican Government may be, its treatment of Catholics cannot be excused. Here is what he wrote:

"I have stood unflinchingly on the side of the Mexican Government in their theoretical position regarding the Catholic Church, but I was almost deported from Mexico because I dared to speak of the personal abuse of Catholics in that struggle. Every personal right of every Catholic was violated. They were held by the police, they had no legal protection, no protection whatever from the courts of Mexico. Often a Catholic was arrested and fined; and if he could not pay his fine he was sent to Islas Tres Marias, the Pacific Coast penal colony. It was a glorious moment for arbitrary robbing of Catholics in Mexico. They were jailed and mulcted of their properties without due process of law. If you can take away the personal liberty of a Catholic, you can take away the personal liberty of everybody else."[3]

That judgment on the Mexican Government should be noted carefully, especially the closing words, *"If you can take away the personal liberty of a Catholic, you can take away the personal liberty of everybody else."*

The Living Church, a weekly organ of the Episcopal Church in America, repeats the same warning: "The persecution of all religion in Mexico is official. It is daily growing worse. An aroused united vigorous protest by Christians of every communion ought to sweep this country. Not the fortunes of one religious body alone, but the entire future of Christianity is at stake in Mexico to-day, as it was in Russia yesterday and may be in western Europe to-morrow, and America the day after."[4]

Similar to this is the statement on Mexico made by the National Conference of Jews and Christians: "We desire to give our moral support to those who labor for freedom of worship there, and to express the anxiety with which we view every threat to liberty of conscience and the freedom of the soul."

The Christian Century of Chicago, an undenominational Protestant paper, speaking of the Mexican Government's policies, said editorially, they "are contrary to our most dearly cherished American principles." *The Christian Science Monitor* and *The American Hebrew* also have protested against the persecution in Mexico.

Here is the statement of the archbishops and bishops of the United States: "No upholder of the rights of man and the liberty of conscience, can view complacently the exercise of such tyranny even though it be in a country other than our own."

Following up this statement, the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in the name of the Catholic Hierarchy has requested the President of the United States to make representations to the Government of Mexico concerning its persecution of religion.

There is, then, abundant evidence of wide sympathy with the suffering Catholics of Mexico and of a growing restlessness over the methods employed by the Government. This sympathy and this restlessness are spreading to Europe, too. The

[3]Quoted by William F. Montavon in *The Church in Mexico Protests*. Washington, D. C.: The N. C. W. C.

[4]April 20, 1935.

matter of mail censorship has come before the British Parliament; and the French Government has protested against the confiscation of a French school.

One who carefully studies the Mexican situation, however, will see that the essential difficulty is not the cruel methods employed by the rulers and their sympathizers. It lies far deeper, is much more vital than that. Fierce persecution might cease, the churches and seminaries reopen, the pastors return to their flocks; but, with fundamental opposition of ideals, the Church and State in Mexico would still be at daggers drawn. If the Government, pursuing the same aim as now, were to employ only the most gracious methods of propaganda, it would still encounter unyielding opposition on the part of the Church; and the Catholic Hierarchy would resist the Government by every legal means.

The present rulers of Mexico know that perfectly well. They have declared over and over again that the Church is their irreconcilable enemy, that the Catholic clergy have been and always will be an obstacle to them. Under the surface of the struggle between the Administration and the Catholic Church, is the clashing of two antagonistic philosophies.

It is possible, as some observers believe, that Mexico is in the throes of a return to its own primitive culture, that "Indianism" is the motive power of the Revolution.[8] If this be true, it is, however, not the whole story. Even though we find it hard to discover whether or not there exists a definite understanding and an active coöperation between Mexico and Russia, the kinship of spirit is undeniable. Even if the Nationalist Revolutionary Party has substituted a local for an internationalist ideal, the similarity of principles in the Mexican and the Communist Revolutions cannot be overlooked.

The policy of the Mexican Government rests upon these principles: that the material and cultural interests of the community are supreme; that faith in the supernatural is fanaticism, the future life a nursery tale, God a myth; that there can be no higher ideal than that of universal comfort and universal culture; that the will of the community, crystallized in the decrees of the Government, is the source of all right, independent of and superior to all other law.

If the people are "superstitious" and "fanatical" — that is, if they still believe in God and adhere to the Church—they must be enlightened. And they must be enlightened before it is too late; before some mischance topples the Calles Administration from its seat; before some successful attempt at gun-running puts another faction in power; before some curious combination of circumstances, as in Madero's time, brings about a fair election; before some president of the United States, as clear-sighted and vigorous as Theodore Roosevelt, destroys the present golden opportunity to plant the fruits of the Revolution in the hearts of all Mexicans.

And the Mexican Government counts confidently on success, provided the United States continues to aid in two ways: first, by supplying

[8] "Mexico's Indianisation is not an isolated phenomenon. It is merely the most advanced phase of a trend which reaches far down into South America . . . It is against this background that we should evaluate political and social unrest culminating in Communism, and likewise the process of Asiatic penetration." Lothrop Stoddard in *Clashing Tides of Colour*. New York, 1935, pp. 87, 99.

the faction in power with arms, while refusing arms to their opponents; and second, by manifesting good-will toward—thus maintaining the prestige of—the present Administration.

We have here, at least in part, the reason why the Mexican Congress this year felt it would be wise to create a new diplomatic official, called "Attaché for Propaganda," to operate in conjunction with legations and consulates, using newspapers, magazines, radio and lecture courses in behalf of the Government. Public opinion in the United States, which means so much to Mexico, is becoming more and more uncertain. Even with the help of the lobby in Washington, which Bishop Kelley calls "The United Front"; and of the De Garmo-Kilborn Corporation (New York advertising agents of the Mexican Government); and of the writers who provide copy for little magazines on Latin America or Travel Bureau Booklets; and of the promoters who organize visits to Mexico by Rotary Clubs and the Progressive Education Society—even with the help of all these, the Mexican propaganda in this country finds itself frequently in embarrassing situations with many questions difficult to answer and many facts impossible to explain away.

Of late there has been a concentration of energy in the field of education. During the early days of the Revolution, to be sure, the educational program engaged attention, plans were drawn up and eventually a constructive beginning was made. There was much talk in the United States of the ultramodern spirit of the Mexican school program. Tourists wrote home enthusiastically of the model schools in large cities and of the impressive plans for a national rural system. Professor John Dewey's endorsement of the rural schools was widely circulated. Mr. Frank Tannenbaum, who so generously advertised the "Miracle School" of Mexico City, found that the rural school had become a substitute for the Church and the country school teacher had replaced the priest. From the Director of Education in the State of Sonora, he had learned of the "mystic attitude that leads an Indian to work for his school with the same affection with which he previously worked for the Church."

One who reads between the lines of the story, however, or one who consults more realistic descriptions, will realize that the educational plans of the Mexican Government have made comparatively little progress.[6] As Ernest Gruening remarks, "the ephemeral character of much of Mexico's reconstructive effort renders the data of a given moment meaningless. A school opened one year may be closed the next—even before the ink that described it had dried."[7] The much advertised school for pure-blooded Indian boys in Mexico City, for example, has recently been closed.[8] Professor John Dewey's enthusiastic praise, uttered in 1926, is still doing duty on propaganda sheets published in the month of May, 1935. But some say that the level of Mexican education is lower in 1935 than it was in 1930.[9]

[6] Most of the federal rural schools met in a single room, and of the teachers only about one in twelve had any Normal School training.

[7] *Mexico and Its Heritage*, p. 527.

[8] "Because," Mr. Tannenbaum carefully explains, "it was too expensive, and because it had served its purpose" (*Peace by Revolution*, p. 296).

[9] *Etudes* of Paris, February 20, 1935. May we hope that Americans visiting Mexico this year, not content with a visit to a few show schools, will insist on getting reliable information about the country as a whole?

However great our sympathy with any honest attempt to raise the educational level, we must not forget that the Mexican Government has destroyed numerous schools superior to most of its own, and has disqualified an enormous number of teachers far better equipped than the majority of those now on the public payroll. The promise to open free schools for all the children is a handsome promise, especially on the part of an impecunious government, but its sincerity may be measured by Bishop Kelley's comment that even the resources of a city like New York would be strained to carry out any such program as that.

Be that as it may, the Mexican authorities are now approaching the school question from a new angle and for a different purpose. To-day their aim is not educational in the ordinary sense. They are concerned less with the problem of reducing illiteracy than with the question of using the schools to spread "the spirit of the Revolution."

In a broadcast from Guadalajara on July 9, 1934, General Calles, speaking on the Six Year Plan, said:

"I will call this new period the psychological period of the Revolution. We must now enter and take possession of the consciences of the children, of the consciences of the young, because they do belong, and should belong to the Revolution . . . Therefore, I call upon all Governors throughout the Republic, on all public authorities and on all Revolutionary elements, that we proceed at once to the field of battle which we must take because children and the young must belong to the Revolution."

Emilio Portes Gil, Secretary of Foreign Relations in the present Cabinet, insists upon the necessity of State education, and says, "the State claims a right over the conscience of the child." With this declaration in mind, we better understand the significance of the Amendment to Article III. of the Constitution, making "socialist" education compulsory on every child in Mexico.

The Government has awakened to a new sense of the supreme importance of the school in the war upon religion.

The law now calls for "socialist" education. That law has been used to undermine morality by introducing little children to unspeakable indecencies, in the name of sex education.[10] But advanced sex education, even though it helps, must not be regarded as the main objective. It is God Who must be destroyed. A newspaperman reports that in Chihuahua, at the opening of school, one morning, he heard the children's salutation, "Teacher, there is no God," and the teacher's reply, "There never was a God."[11]

"Socialism," that is to say, atheism, must be imposed; "Fanaticism," that is to say, Christianity, must be blotted out. With "Socialist Education" made compulsory and with the curriculum controlled by an atheistic group, it can be done. And it is being done—not without sympathy on the part of the Communists, not without the approval

[10] Archbishop Ruiz complained of this; and Father Michael Kenny, S.J., reported shocking details of happenings in the schools after sex instruction had been introduced. The Minister of Education, Narciso Bassols, denied these charges; but, as proof conclusive, *El Excelsior* (January 14, 1934) cited the syllabus and the Manuals of Instruction for Primary Schools, used by the Board of Education, and said they contained pages which no decent newspaper could afford to reprint.

[11] F. V. Williams, New York *World-Telegram*, February 20, 1935.

of our Ambassador, Josephus Daniels, not without aid and comfort from the Frank Tannenbaums and the John Deweys. There is but one formidable obstacle — the Catholic Church.

The Mexican Government reasons with sound logic, therefore, that, if it is to succeed, the Catholic Church must be destroyed.

There is no need of confusing ourselves with long excursions into the history of what the Church was like in the past, nor with plans and programs of what the Mexican Government proposes to do in the future. The controversy rages around one plain issue. On the one side, the Government calls upon the Church for *"absolute submission to the laws in force."*[12] On the other, the Catholic Church replies, as she did to the Roman Empire, "Laws like the decree that children must be taught atheism, WE WILL NOT OBEY!"

[12] *The Conflict Between the Civil Power and the Clergy.* Historical and Legal Essay. By Emilio Portes Gil, Attorney General of the Republic. Mexico: Press of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. 1935. Page 112.

WIND SONGS

By Cristel Hastings

WHENEVER a shore wind blows at dawn
It sings in lilting strains
Of fields aflame with poppies' gold,
Of trees and winding lanes.

But let a sea wind blow at dusk
To murmur of Bombay,
Of Bora-Bora, and Penang,
And I am on my way!

What do I care for gardens and
For roofs that slant the rain,
And how can I, a sailor, be
Content with fields of grain?

I must have the winds that bring
Me gossip of Shanghai—
The purple ports of Singapore
Where the sampans lie.

Calcutta and Callao call
With every breeze that blows—
Give me spars against the stars
And winds a sailor knows!

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

PULITZER PRIZE WINNERS

"Considered by the judges as the original American play performed in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage."

1917-18—*Why Marry?*, by Jesse Lynch Williams.
1918-19—None chosen.
1919-20—*Miss Lulu Bett*, by Zona Gale.
1920-21—*Beyond the Horizon*, by Eugene O'Neill.
1921-22—*Anna Christie*, by Eugene O'Neill.
1922-23—*Icebound*, by Owen Davis.
1923-24—*Hell-bent fer Heaven*, by Hatcher Hughes.
1924-25—*They Knew What They Wanted*, by Sidney Howard.
1925-26—*Craig's Wife*, by George Kelly.
1926-27—*In Abraham's Bosom*, by Paul Green.
1927-28—*Strange Interlude*, by Eugene O'Neill.
1928-29—*Street Scene*, by Elmer Rice.
1929-30—*The Green Pastures*, by Marc Connelly.
1930-31—*Alison's House*, by Susan Glaspell.
1931-32—*Of Thee I Sing*, by Kaufman, Ryskind and Gershwin.
1932-33—*Both Your Houses*, by Maxwell Anderson.
1933-34—*Men in White*, by Sidney Kingsley.
1934-35—*The Old Maid*, by Zoe Akins.

OUT of the seventeen plays listed above one wonders if there are more than six or seven whose popularity would have been secure in a general election. *Green Pastures* and *Of Thee I Sing* seemed fairly unanimous; *Beyond the Horizon* was a fine choice for it recognized young genius; *Street Scene* may be far from immortal but it was one of the first group plays of contemporary life; and one of the first Negro-labor dramas was *In Abraham's Bosom*, but *Why Marry?; Miss Lulu Bett; Hell-bent fer Heaven; Craig's Wife* and *Both Your Houses* now seem relatively obscure. *Alison's House* was a failure with a fine last act, good literary traditions and courteous encouragement to Miss Le Gallienne's heroic efforts at repertory. *Anna Christie; They Knew What They Wanted* and *Strange Interlude* all cut deep into the grain of American life—on the waterfront and the California Coast and the seething restlessness and materialism after the War. *Men in White* was absorbing theater but with a tendency towards theatricalism as compared to the sweeping humanity of *Ah, Wilderness!* which, if chosen, would have given the prize four times to O'Neill.

But one must admit that if one read straight through those seven-

teen plays one would see and live the American scene from almost every angle. We have seen everyone of them except *Icebound* by Owen Davis and as the shadows of their memories troop past, the shadows seem to be rather gaunt and drear. In the decade between 1920 and 1930, prosperity may have dazzled our eyes but there could have been very little real joyousness in our hearts. The bitterness of *Craig's Wife*—a study of complete personal selfishness—in 1926 swells into race selfishness of white against black in 1927; is psychoanalyzed and shown as the individual's right to happiness by O'Neill in 1928, but the peace that Nina finds at the close of *Strange Interlude* is far beyond all but the young girl in the moiling multitude of *Street Scene* and strangely enough it only comes to bless the stage after depression had first appeared in 1929 when there also came *The Green Pastures*. Since then a note of optimism has whispered from *Alison's House;* in *Both Your Houses* where idealism wins a temporary victory over Congressional politics and in *Men in White* where the young surgeon holds fast to his code; and of course in *Of Thee I Sing* there was honest gaiety underlying the satire. The public's genuine affection for the vice-presidential simpleton, Throttlebottom, was prescient of their devotion to George M. Cohan as the father of O'Neill's *Wilderness* family. It showed that the happiness and peace for which so many people had devastated so many other people, lay under their very nose.

As for the present prize winner, *The Old Maid*, we admit that it shows a picture of America that has not been shown so well before. The old families of New York live out, not too nobly, a story that shows the strictures of their code in the 1830's but we feel that it is a case in which the judges have perhaps unconsciously made recognition of an art that is fast impinging upon the literary laurels of our stage, for more than half of the quality of *The Old Maid* is due to its visual beauty. Stuart Chaney in his interiors and with his costumes has done as much to reincarnate a period as the author. But should *Dodsworth* have been produced too late last year to have been eligible, there seems no reason for its being overlooked this season. Its superiority to the winner is too obvious to be stressed. *The Farmer Takes a Wife* and *Valley Forge* would have been runners up in our category and the public has certainly cast the vote of popularity to *The Petrified Forest*.

But perhaps the best answer after all to 1917's *Why Marry?* is *The Old Maid!*

KIND LADY.—They are both young men—the producers, Messrs. Potter and Haight—but they must have been good to their grandmothers for the inspiration of their three successes has been an elderly lady. *Double Door, Post Road* and now *Kind Lady* star heroines in the seventies, and each one of them has shown an intelligent progression in value. Adapted from a story by Hugh Walpole, *Kind Lady* owes its success not only to a disturbing idea and excellent acting but to the men who chose the cast and preserved the quiet tempo that so enhances the criminal undercurrent. Although one keeps echoing the thoughts of Miss Mary Herries that it can't be true, there is as much plausibility as philosophy to the theme of how a parasite may win possession of

everything, shielded by the very fact of its being so improbable. That is really the safeguard of every subversive movement.

Surrounded by the symbols of security, Frenchmen and Russians, once drew silken curtains across their windows and their minds and shut out dark forebodings. But Miss Herries invites the tramp, who asks for a cup of tea, into her house and even after he recognizes an El Greco, her only reaction is a slight regret that so handsome a young man should have purloined her jade cigarette case. It is decidedly disarming to have him return the jade and bring his wife to pay her respects and when the poor undernourished creature collapses, it is more annoying than alarming that the doctor puts her to bed in Miss Herries' house instead of sending for an ambulance. Neither Miss Herries nor her parlormaid recall the serious connotation in the fact that it was the vagrant, Henry Abbott who ran out to fetch the doctor, and before they can appreciate it, Henry Abbott and his inarticulate wife and her infant are installed on the third story. But his presence has so creepily permeated the kitchen that first cook leaves and then the faithful parlormaid and when Miss Herries finds her drawing-room invaded by Henry Abbott's cousins from Australia and she orders them out of her house, her gentle frailty is suddenly surrounded by an advancing menace of three stalwart rogues and she becomes their prisoner. Chance plays into their hands when her one intimate cousin crashes in a plane; the rest of her acquaintance are told by a well-mannered caretaker that Miss Herries has gone to the South Seas, etc. Meanwhile her pictures are being sold off and the French art dealer to whom she is permitted to speak, is convinced that her mind is wandering. Then after years comes her chance—she has a few moments alone with a clerk from the bank. Does he believe her? That you must discover for yourself. It is a breathless instant—one in which the audience really enters the play.

As Miss Herries, the delicate *precieuse* who likes to live aloof with her exquisitely chosen art collection but whose heart palpitates with an artist's understanding for suffering, Miss Grace George is the incarnation of a well-bred and gracious if rather diffident lady. The part of the nonchalant scoundrel seems especially designed for Mr. Henry Daniell but that is what one is apt to say when an actor absolutely encompasses his part. From the Australian accomplice of Mr. Thomas Chalmers to the parlormaid everyone else is just right.—*At the Booth.*

SOMETHING GAY.—Just to tell you the plot would be equivalent to giving it dozens of other names for it is a story that has been used over and over since the world began. Very likely if the Noah family ever played charades on the ark they may have reënacted a tale that had been told in a drowning world, for even before the Deluge husbands, left to themselves, have got into mischief and ever since then wives, in getting their husbands out of trouble, have also become involved. In this latest comedy, the widow keeps bumping into Mr. Grey in the elevator while Mrs. Grey is visiting her mother in Boston and when Mrs. Grey returns, her first love turns up as a visiting English playwright. What more natural than that the playwright should

crib the plot of the centuries and suggest that they turn the tables on the widow and make Mr. Grey really jealous. From then on it is for the author's ingenuity to redecorate the scenes and to keep the final settlement in doubt until the last curtain. If this is accomplished one may toss this triangle to the assets.

Miss Heilbron (from Seattle) does succeed in creating some agreeable and lively characters while Miss Tallulah Bankhead as the wife is abundantly energetic in her humor. Miss Bankhead's comedy is never intimate; nor do her characterizations seem to emerge from the inside out as do Bergner's. Gemma Jones's gestures were funny and appealing because her ideas were funny and appealing; the stray child we saw on the stage was Gemma Jones through and through, but it is very evident in this play that the lines the author wrote are what cause Monica Grey to laugh and cry and romp and run, and the sheer vitality of Miss Bankhead carries her audience with her. What really brought Elizabeth Bergner to our mind is that Hugh Sinclair, the Sebastian Sanger of *Escape Me Never* is now the very sophisticated young English writer who tries to advise the young wife in her marital tangle in *Something Gay*. But although Mr. Sinclair gave such a very piercing and brilliant performance as Sanger, he now saunters through three acts with not much comic success and apparently very little enthusiasm. The rest of the cast are average but not the butler, Hatters, a punctilious pessimist played by Percy Ames.—*At the Morosco.*

IF A BODY.—"Murder will out" seems almost too apt an aphorism when one opens a cupboard and a corpse slithers down upon the carpet. Dead men before have been the focus of many melodramas but this time it is not a man but a "body," for the corpse's identity is never important. In its own passive way it has a very active time of it. Propped against a window on the fire escape, it next falls into a gambler's party and is shunted down to the cellar in a trunk. From the trunk it goes to the coal bin and then journeys up in the freight elevator to the identical cupboard from which it made its first exit. Played as a farce it is just about as broad as it is long!—*At the Biltmore.*

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—Every month one wonders if this saga of the Georgia "crackers" will continue its drear course, but it seems to be emulating *Abie's Irish Rose*. James Bell has succeeded Henry Hull and James Barton with apparently another triumphant creation of old Jeeter.—*At the Forrest.*

November

THE GREAT WALTZ.—We are certain that every visitor who comes to New York must listen to the alluring strains of the Johann Strauss melodies for the largest theater in the metropolis continues to fill its audiences' eyes with spectacular beauties and its ears with three-fourth rhythms.—*At the Center.*

December

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—The sudden descent of a screen star into the midst of a quiet family whom the depression has reduced to "Tourists Accommodated" is the peg on which the humors of this comedy depend. While Miss Gladys George is on the stage the laughs come merrily but we were not personally so enthusiastic over the rest of the company or the play as the majority.—*At the Henry Miller.*

January, 1935

POST ROAD.—Although Miss Lucile Watson may be out of the cast when this is read, we believe that the play is exciting enough to carry on without her very clever presence. It will never appear on the screen as the plot has such an ingenious and nefarious suggestion for gangsters that it is considered unsafe to broadcast it further. Wilbur Daniel Steele is the author.—*At the Ambassador.*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—A harrowing play on a theme that is better avoided although in this case it is treated with serious and tragic implications. It is a tersely written, well constructed drama, superbly acted and with a moral on the terrible consequences of hasty judgments that must make everyone pause.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

ANYTHING GOES!—A musical satire that is sometimes very funny and sometimes very vulgar. Victor Moore, gentle and deprecating as ever, is Public Enemy No. 1 with a machine gun and William Gaxton and Ethel Merman complete the trio of comedians with Bettina Hall as the heroine. The scene is on shipboard and almost everything comes in for a joke including the Oxford Group.—*At the Alvin.*

February

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.—Into a gasoline station in the Arizona desert comes Mr. Leslie Howard as a modern Villon wandering in search of lost ideals and he finds them in time to make the one great sacrifice of his life. Besides the love story, there is melodrama with the escaping gangsters and enough philosophy to give purpose to the play. The characters are human and the action increases in pace until it closes to the humming of machine guns. The cast is exceptionally good and Mr. Howard as quietly sympathetic as ever. Neither the language nor the suggestions make it suitable for children.—*At the Broadhurst.*

THE OLD MAID.—The Pulitzer Prize winner. No doubt the prize will add some months to the run of this drama of old New York adapted from the story of Edith Wharton by Zoe Akins. Beautifully set and costumed, it has an atmosphere that sweeps across the footlights and balances the occasional shortcomings of the story. Judith Anderson and Helen Menken share the honors with a very charming quartette of young people.—*At the Empire.*

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—Even though the charming Mr. Nicholas Hannen has returned to London, this comedy of a middle-aged playwright who experiments in love with a young secretary, continues to attract full houses. Mr. Kenneth McKenna has replaced Mr. Hannen but Miss Constance Cummings is still the beautiful secretary and the rest

of the company are all very good indeed. There is no moral to the comedy—in fact so far as morals go it is completely lacking.—*At the Plymouth.*

March

THE BISHOP MISBEHAVES.—A comedy to be recommended to all ages and tastes with Walter Connolly particularly amusing as the Bishop who knows too much about detective stories to allow an interesting criminal situation to be turned over to the police. In the cast are Jane Wyatt, Effie Shannon, A. P. Kaye and others who contribute a very pleasant evening.—*At the Golden.*

FLY AWAY HOME.—When Thomas Mitchell as the father who hasn't met his ultramodern children for years, blushes at some of their remarks, we are inclined to sympathize with him. But the moral of the comedy is ultraconservative; the children are charming and the humor is natural and continuous.—*At the Forty-eighth Street.*

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—It may be cheap and is often coarse but no one can deny that William Lynn as Erwin who writes jingles for greeting cards, isn't one of the funniest characters we have had in a farce for a season. One can't help liking Erwin and one can't help laughing when he gets mixed up with the racing touts who are overcome by the sureness of his hunches about the races. But it is a pity that the jokes of *Three Men on a Horse* are not so pure as its morals.—*At the Playhouse.*

April

PETTICOAT FEVER.—A rollicking farce about the lonely wireless operator of a station in Labrador who happens to be Mr. Dennis King and what happens to his heartbeats when a beautiful young woman suddenly lands from an aëroplane and his *fiancée* decides after two years to pay him a visit. As a Montreal banker, Mr. Leo Carroll plays with his usual acumen and helps Mr. King immeasurably. Miss Doris Dalton is also very attractive.—*At the Ritz.*

AWAKE AND SING!—A Group Theater production of their new playwright, Clifford Odets, who presents one of the most disagreeable families in the Bronx that we trust any of our boroughs ever saw. They never sing, but Grandpa jumps off the roof and had we been the white woolly dog we would have followed him. The dialogue is very characteristic and pointed and some of the parts, particularly Luther Adler's and Carnovsky's are outstanding.—*At the Belasco.*

May

TILL THE DAY I DIE and WAITING FOR LEFTY.—Two other Group Theater productions both of them frank Red propaganda. The first shows the Communist martyrs under the Nazi régime but it doesn't seem to occur to most of the audience that the Nazis would also be martyrs under the Communists. The tortures that take place in Berlin are horribly depicted, Alexander Kirkland giving a haunting portrayal of a young Communist's lingering torments. *Lefty* is a meeting of taxi drivers during a strike when their former lives and misfortunes are shown in flashbacks. It is effective but the Nazi nightmare seemed to

us an anticlimax although it has gained great popular acclaim.—*At the Longacre.*

CEILING ZERO. — An aëronautic drama whose action takes place in the Newark airport and whose second act climax is the gruesome counterpart of the latest aëroplane tragedy. Mr. Osgood Perkins gives one of his finished performances as the director of the Transcontinental Airways but as a play it depends more upon its atmosphere than its story which is decidedly choppy. It was rewritten too much in rehearsal. Some of the jokes are also decidedly dubious.—*At the Music Box.*

BLACK PIT. — The very human drama of coal miners in Pennsylvania so extremely well acted by the Theater Union and so very bald in its partisanship of unions. The company is always the villain and at the end when the hero is broken by the wicked company manager, his crippled brother cries out that his children will be good union men! But the characters are so real and so sympathetic that it carries full conviction despite its obvious bias.—*At the Civic Repertory.*

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.—It will be very sad if this fine and thoughtful play should close as is threatened this month. Those who did not see it will have missed not only an interesting but a compelling anti-war play and some wonderful individual performances—among them Margalo Gilmore, Burgess Meredith, Hugh Williams, Charles Waldron and, of course, Miss Cornell.—*At the Martin Beck.*

We also recommend *Les Miserables* as a particularly fine and important picture.

The Ball and the Cross

THE BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious,* **THE WORLD AND THE FAITH.** *It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

MIDSUMMER EVE

June 23d

MANY strange things are likely to happen to-night, for it is Midsummer Eve and no mortal is quite safe from the magic which is loose upon the air!

This is the only night of all the year when the fairies possess the power of human speech, and if you should meet one (which is quite likely) round about the hour of midnight, you will be able to hold converse with him. For mortals can, and they will, take steps to see the Good Folk to-night, and here is the way to accomplish it:

Gather seed from the ferns, taking care while you do so not to touch the plant itself or the seed will lose its power. Rub the seed on your eyelids and w a i t — and watch! Fairies are shy people; ordinarily they would never let you set eyes upon them, but the application of fern seed will make you invisible to them. Our forefathers affirmed that the fern was a magic plant, for they could never understand how the plant was propagated when apparently it had no seed or flower. For hundreds of years past people in France, Germany, Russia and the British Isles would, on Midsummer Eve, rub fern seed upon their eyes (never dreaming, of course, that it was the seed which they used!) thinking thus to see the fairies.

But fairies are tricksy things as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Spenser and many another of our poets point out. So the man who goes at midnight seeking after magic things would do well to be careful. Fairy-rings have more power to-night, and a strange weird power theirs is! The mortal who steps within one will never be quite the same again. The fairies will befuddle his wits so that he will be, for ever after, what is known in Ireland as a "poor nathural." Many young men returning home late from Midsummer Fairs in Clare and Kerry, as full of potheen as is good for them, have stepped unwittingly into fairy-rings and lost their wits as a consequence. Scoffers—and where there is magic there

are always scoffers—blame it entirely on to the potheen, but the more charitable-minded people of the village ascribe it to treading in fairy-rings. (They do not brew potheen in the highlands of Scotland, but it is said that people there have often lost their wits for no apparent reason—and their neighbors unanimously put it down to fairy-rings.

Witches too come into their own this night. So beware! You may at some time or another all unknowingly have given offense to a witch. If you have, be sure that to-night they will try to "get their own back," so, to be on the safe side, take with you a sprig of rowan tied with a red thread (witches abhor the color red), a piece of St. John's Wort, a tiny scarlet pimpernel, or, strongest of all to fight against the powers of magic, a spray of herb trinity—which is another name for the shamrock. Neither witch, elf nor fairy can stand against these plants. A sprig of holly or an olive branch would be equally efficacious, but as these are rather more awkward both to carry and to wear, I do not recommend them!

In Bohemia the peasants make a cross out of blackthorn and stick it in a heap of dung. This keeps both witch and warlock away!

You will remember how the pursuing Egyptians followed the Children of Israel along the shores of the Red Sea; how the waters dried up so that the Israelites could cross in safety and then, when Pharaoh's army was halfway across, the waters were let loose once again and drowned them, horses, men, baggage and all!

If you would like to know further concerning the unfortunate Egyptians, you should watch the seals to-night. Hide behind a rock so that they are unable to catch a glimpse of you. This is what you will see. The seals will come waddling out of the water and will seat themselves upon the rocks and sands. When midnight strikes, they will cast off their sealskin jackets, and will take on human form. If you look closely, you will notice that their hair is "bobbed," that they have curiously narrowed eyes, very thin mouths, and extremely straight noses. You cannot help remarking a singular resemblance to the pictures you were seeing a short time back of King Tut-Ankh-Amen. For a few, a very few, moments, they enjoy being human folk, and then, midnight over, they waddle sadly and soberly back into the sea—seals once more!

Though it is unadmitted by most of us, we are still rather superstitious creatures at heart. Few women, however, would find the necessary courage nowadays to do as Great-Grandmother did as a girl when she sought to find out who Fate had in store for her as a lover.

At midnight on Midsummer Eve she stole furtively from the house ("furtively," just in case some one should remark her going and ask awkward questions concerning it). In the little blue pocket of her cambric gown was—hemp! Down long, narrow garden paths she crept, with tall foxgloves and lupines standing like sentries on either side of her. The house was now out of sight. Only the flowers, a stray owl, and perhaps a trespassing, inquisitive rabbit were to be witnesses to what she was about to do.

She took the hemp from her pocket with her left hand, and threw it, little by little, with her right hand over her left shoulder, singing:

"Hemp seed I sow,
Hemp seed I hoe,
He that is my true love,
Come after me and mow!"

She would repeat this rime nine times and then the figure of a man would loom in sight or else a bell would ring. But if neither of these things happened, Great-Grandmama would resign herself straightway to being an "old maid"!

And now remember if you have any intention of braving to-night the perils of Midsummer Eve, go find a shamrock, a sprig of red-rowan, a holly-spray or an olive-branch. Forewarned is forearmed! But it is best to be both!

IVY O. EASTWICK.

EGISTO FABBRI

(1866-1933)

And Italian Church Music

ITALIAN by his father and American by his mother Egisto Fabbri grew up in the cultivated cosmopolitan leisured world of New York and Italy, having friends in every European country. He first devoted himself to painting and studied in Paris where much of his time was spent; he was among the early admirers of Cézanne and acquired a splendid collection of that master's work. Besides painting, however, he also worked at architecture, having built a beautiful country house for his sister-in-law, Mrs. Edith Vanderbilt Fabbri, and another in New York; the latter inspired by Italian palaces of the Renaissance.

But the culminating work of his life lay in Italy from 1914 onwards. Here too he built and restored several houses, among the latter his own villa of Bagazzano, standing on a hill high above the Arno valley. From here the view rolls southwards in lines undulating like a melody; surrounded by its fields of wild flowers, its cypresses and ilex woods it is one of those idyllic spots of Tuscany which seem inhabited by the spirit of poesy. The house dates from the fourteenth century and in 1545 had been bought by Alessandro dei Medici who added the splendid loggia and vaulted ceilings on the occasion of his marriage with Maria dei Neri Ardinghelli and where, on the façade of the chapel and in the loggia, their two coats of arms may still be seen. After years of disuse the chapel itself was restored both materially and spiritually, and has again become a sanctuary pulsating with the life of the Church. In the beautiful simplicity of his home Egisto Fabbri made a refuge for himself and his friends from strident modern life, and most wisely he protected it by steadily refusing to improve the rough country road of his hillside estate. It was an ideal setting for an artist, an ideal haven of peace in which to enjoy art, books, leisure. But that was not Egisto Fabbri's conception of life; his love of Bagazzanno was never selfish, it never invaded his own inner detachment.

He became interested in the village of Serravalle in Casentino, a

scattered hamlet on the Apennine spurs between the sanctuaries of La Verna and Camaldoli where he was helping a friend with the building of a house. The villagers desperately needed a church and with great generosity and practical idealism he took the entire work on himself. From that moment Signor Fabbri's whole interest centered in his church for which he made a design recalling that of some of the Tuscan Romanesque churches and entirely in harmony with the landscape. In all his architectural work he never copied a particular style, but took it as the foundation for his own inspiration; he visioned every building as a living being, each line of which had to grow from an inner necessity, and his ideal of the whole was that of Alberti, who, many centuries earlier had declared that architecture must be like beautiful music. Egisto Fabbri was an architect who carried out modern work in the spirit of the great medieval builders and the actual construction of his church was as individual as its design. A quarry was discovered immediately behind the site; there, each stone was cut and carried and set in its place by the workmen of the village, without any mechanical help, and every Sunday morning they gave their time and labor for nothing.

But as the work advanced, the building itself ceased to be Signor Fabbri's principal object, for his idea widened and grew. Already in New York he had been immensely impressed by the singing in the Pius X. Institute for Liturgical Music and he longed for pure Gregorian music to echo in the vaults of the church at Serravalle. Above all he wished to bring the poor uneducated workers of the Casentino into intimate contact with the full treasure of the Liturgy and to enrich their lives with this unique element of beauty. A choir school was established, and, working with the authorities of the Pius X. Institute, Signor Fabbri brought over teachers from New York to train the choir and form a group of Italian teachers. The quick musical intelligence of the Italian children responded admirably to the Justine Ward method used by the Americans. This method, elaborated by Mrs. Ward under the guidance of the late Dom Mocquereau of the Abbey of Solesmes brings indeed the art and learning of the great Benedictine tradition within the reach of the poor and ignorant. The choir formed of men, women and children, were able to sing the whole of the Plain Song Office for the consecration of their own church of the Holy Spirit, just as they sing High Mass and Vespers for all Sundays and feasts of the year. From the purely musical point of view the Serravalle experiment was a complete success, and those who know the very primitive conditions of life in an Italian mountain village, can imagine the great cultural and spiritual benefits derived from such a training on grown men and women as well as on children.

Even Serravalle, however, was to prove only a stage in the development of Egisto Fabbri's ideal, for it was about this time that his own feeling for Catholicism became deeper and more vital. All his life he had been in close sympathy with the Church; he appreciated the beauty and significance of the Liturgy not only in ceremonies and offices but as the framework for the whole of individual existence. Through the Liturgy he penetrated increasingly into the spirit of the Church and, to quote his own words, "I see

that what has made me come to feel as I do towards the Catholic Church is the perception growing ever clearer, of the impersonal Church existing apart from individuals and events, as a spiritual reality, the embodiment of the divine light of Christianity; a Church divinely instituted, and keeping alive within itself and marvelously transmitting through the centuries, the divine idea it has received." The "spiritual reality" came to be the center of his being, the motive force of every activity and his entry into the Catholic fold made him outwardly a member of the Church, with whose soul he had long felt himself in union. His Catholicism was as patient, as organic as his building, it penetrated every corner of his nature, it spoke in every word and action.

Meanwhile, his plans for the choir school were being enlarged; to him Gregorian chant was like "an emanation of the light of the Church, immediate, impersonal, attaining the supreme heights of art." He found complete satisfaction in the "detachment, the soaring quality, the transcendent joy of the Gregorian melodies." Like many other lovers of the Liturgy he was a c u t e l y distressed at the degree to which Italian church music had fallen under the spell of the operatic tradition. Even the famous *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X. in 1903 produced rather scanty reforms, partly because the Italians had grown unaccustomed to any but the operatic type of music, and also because, owing to the separation of the Church and State, the revenues of the churches were often too low to afford the upkeep of a choir. Gradually, Egisto Fabbri realized that his aim was nothing less than the foundation of an institution, which, by training teachers first among the religious orders, then among the laity, would help to carry out the *Motu Proprio* and restore the knowledge and love of the Church's own particular music to its rightful place in Italian life.

For this end his r e m a i n i n g strength was spent, and, already an ill man, he became the unflagging servant of his own inspiration, dealing calmly with the daily worries and difficulties inherent in such an undertaking. With the help of a few devoted friends he planned the general lines which he wished followed, and the Istituto di San Gregorio was finally established in Florence and endowed with the proceeds of the sale of his precious Cézanne collection. The managment of the Istituto was intrusted to the ancient Servite o r d e r of Mantellate nuns, and while the children follow the five elementary grades of all Italian schools they learn many other things besides "reading without tears." Morally as well as musically the value of the education quickly became apparent; while the nuns train the children's ears and rhythmical sense, encourage every latent talent for improvisation and composition, they train them also to sing the Offices of the Church as they are sung by great religious orders, teach them the meaning of the services, open new horizons, new beauty in their little souls. The children grow up in the spirit of the Liturgy, able to take an intelligent part in the services, and when they go out into the world, it is with this great additional endowment. The Istituto di San Gregorio is thus working in harmony with the present Liturgical revival; it should be of the greatest value to many of the devoted workers in Italian parish life. The nuns also train teachers, who in

their turn, can carry the work on, thus collaborating with Mrs. Ward herself who is laboring in the same field in Rome and elsewhere.

Signor Fabbri was never in a hurry for his scheme to spread; as anything in the shape of self-advertisement was hateful to him, so in a world of agitation he stood for unhurrying calm of s p i r i t, content faithfully to prepare the soil and scatter the seed, leaving all questions of the harvest in the hands of God. He was never apparently in a hurry with anyone, had time for all, for his friends, his fellow artists and fellow workers, and people of the most varied interests could be sure of finding in him a sympathy and understanding that seemed to expand with years. He met everyone on their own ground but in every subject that came under discussion, Fabbri would cast aside the unessential, and he, the least assertive of men was also one of the most persuasive. Much time, of necessity, was given to questions of practical organization, and he only demanded inflexibly from those who worked with him, that they should be as zealously disinterested both morally and materially as he was himself. What was the dominant note of his personality, I ask myself, and looking back it seems to me, that what we felt most was being in the presence of a personality in which the beautiful gifts of nature and grace had been completely harmonized. He irradiated peace, serenity upon us all; his memory does it s t i l l; with him we were ashamed of pettiness and selfishness, he made us all feel at least the desire to labor with him for his ideal. He was one of those human beings who hand on the torch, spend themselves to help in transmitting that divine idea of the Church as they have perceived it.

NESTA DE ROBECK.

Nova et Vetera

Veni, Sancte Spiritus

The indwelling of the Holy Spirit is a true and magnificent phrase. It means that we become living temples of God. Elsewhere indeed He is in tree, flower, sky, earth, water; up in the Heavens, down to the depths of the lower places in the cleft wood and lifted stone, in the heart of all creation by the very fact of its creation. Yet the higher a thing is in the scale of being the more nearly is it after God's image and likeness, so that man by his sheer intelligence is more representative of God, as the highest masterpiece is more representative of the author of it. Yet over and above this intelligent life of man is another life in him, which secures God's presence within him in some nobler fashion, for it is noticeable that Scripture repeatedly speaks of God's dwelling in His saints, and not dwelling in sinners. Now He is even in sinners by the title of their Creator, so that dwelling must be a deliberate phrase chosen by the inspired author of Scripture to represent some presence above the mere general presence of God everywhere. Consequently we are driven to the conclusion that the Saints, in virtue of their sainthood, become dwelling places of God, t e m p l e s, special places set apart, where in a more perfect way, with richer expression and more true representation, God is. Sanctity, therefore, constitutes something wholly supernatural, attracting God's indwelling, or rather resulting from this indwelling of God.

Now sanctity itself cannot mean that one man is able to make himself so alluring to God that he draws God to himself, for in that case God's action of indwelling would be motived by a creature, and God would have found some finite reason for His act. This cannot be, since the only sufficient motive for God can be God Himself. "He hath done all things on account of Himself," say the Scriptures. We can be sure, therefore, that the indwelling of the Spirit is the cause and not the effect of the goodness that is in man, for the Saints are not born, but made by God. Hence we understand what is meant by saying that the justice of the Saints, their justification, is effected by grace, *i. e.*, by God's free gift. It is not from them, but from Him: "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name give Glory." Grace, therefore, is the name given to that divine habit whereby the soul is made one with Him. It is clear, then, also, why in the Catechism grace is called the supernatural life of the soul, and why mortal sin is called the death of the soul, since it kills the soul by depriving it of sanctifying grace.

This leads us to the last notion of grace, that it is in the supernatural order what the soul is in the natural order. My soul is everywhere in my body and gives evidence of its presence by the life there manifest. Cut off a portion of the body, amputate a limb. It dies. The soul is no longer in it. So does grace work. It is right in the very essence of the soul, at the heart of it, and works through into all the faculties and

powers by means of the virtues. It is the life of the whole assemblage of these habits of goodness. As soon as it is withdrawn, then at once c h a r i t y goes, for we are out of friendship with God, and charity is nothing other than the love of God. Hope still and faith in some form remain, but without any inner life or energy to quicken them. All else is a crumbled ruin, without shape or life, a sight to fill those that can see it with horror and disgust. With grace the soul is once more thronged with vital activities, for grace is life. Grace it is that gives the same charm to the soul as life gives to the body: it imparts a freshness, an alertness, an elasticity, a spontaneous movement, a fragrance, a youth. By grace we are children in God's eyes, with the delicate colouring and sweetness of a child; without it we are old, worn, dead, not only useless to ourselves, but a pollution to o t h e r s. Need one wonder if all life is different to the soul in sin? Religion, God, Heaven, Mass, Prayers, have lost all attraction and are full of drudgery. Outwardly we feel the same; but our attraction to these higher gifts has gone, a prodigal as yet content with the husks of life's fruitage, relishing only the food of swine, without g r a c e, spiritually dead.

—From *Abiding Presence of the Holy Ghost.* By Bede Jarrett, O.P. (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.).

The Beauty of the King's Daughter

When a man has given himself to God's service, when he has denied himself and followed Christ, he has fitted himself to receive and does receive from God a special guidance, a more particular providence. This guidance is conveyed partly by the action of other men, as his appointed superiors, and partly by direct lights and inspirations. If I wait for s u c h guidance, through whatever channel conveyed, about anything, about my poetry for instance, I do more wisely in every way than if I try to serve my own seeming interests in the matter. Now if you value what I write, if I do myself, much more does our Lord. And if he chooses to avail himself of what I leave at his disposal he can do so with a felicity and with a success which I could never command. And if he does not, then two things follow; one that the reward I shall nevertheless receive from him will be all the greater; the other that then I shall know how much a thing contrary to his will and even to my own best interests I should have done if I had taken t h i n g s into my own h a n d s and forced on publication. This is my principle and this in the main has been my practice: leading the sort of life I do here it seems easy, but when one mixes with the world and meets on every side its secret solicitations, to live by faith is harder, is very hard; nevertheless by God's help I shall always do so.

Our Society values, as you say, and has contributed to literature, to culture; but only as a means to an end. Its history and its experience shew that literature proper, as poetry, has seldom been found to be to that end a very serviceable means. We have had for three centuries often the flower of the youth of a country in numbers enter our body: among these how many poets, how many artists of all sorts, there must have been! But there have been very few Jesuit poets and, where they have been, I believe it would be found on examination that there

was something exceptional in their circumstances or, so to say, counterbalancing in their career. For genius attracts fame and individual fame St. Ignatius looked on as the most dangerous and dazzling of all attractions. There was a certain Fr. Beschi who in Southern Hindustan composed an epic which has become one of the Tamil classics and is spoken of with unbounded admiration by those who can read it. But this was in India, far from home, and one can well understand that fame among Hindu pundits need not turn the head of an Italian. In England we had Fr. Southwell, a poet, a minor poet but still a poet; but he wrote amidst a terrible persecution and d i e d a martyr, with circumstances of horrible barbarity: this is the counter poise in his career. Then what a genius was Campion himself! was not he a poet? perhaps a great one, if he had chosen. His History of Ireland, written in hiding and hurrying from p l a c e to place, Mr. Simpson in his Life says, and the samples prove it, shews an eloquence like Shakspere's; and in fact Shakspere made use of the book. He had all and more than all the rhetoric of that golden age and was probably the most vigorous mind and eloquent tongue engaged in theological strife then in England, perhaps in Europe. It s e e m s in time he might have done anything. But his eloquence died on the air, his genius was quenched in his blood after one year's employment in his country. M u s i c is more professional than p o e t r y perhaps and Jesuits have composed and well, but none has any fame to speak of. We had one painter who reached excellence, I forget his name, he was a laybrother; but then he only painted flower pieces. You see then what is against me, but since, as Solomon says, there is a time for everything, there is nothing that does not some day come to be, it may be that the time will come for my verses. I remember, by the by, once taking up a little book of the life of St. Stanislaus told or commented on under emblems; it was much in the style of Herbert and his school and about that date; it was by some Polish Jesuit. I was astonished at their beauty and brilliancy, but the author is quite obscure. Brilliancy does not suit us. Bourdaloue is reckoned our greatest orator: he is severe in style. Suarez is our most famous theologian: he is a man of vast volume of m i n d, but without originality or brilliancy; he treats everything satisfactorily, but you never remember a phrase of his, the manner is nothing. Molina is the man who *made* our theology: he was a genius and even in his driest dialectic I have remarked a certain fervour like a poet's. But in the great controversy on the Aids of Grace, the most dangerous crisis, as I suppose, which our Society ever went through till its suppression, though it was from his book that it had arisen, he took, I think, little part. The same sort of thing may be noticed in our saints. St. Ignatius himself was certainly, every one who reads his life will allow, one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived; but after the establishment of the Order he lived in Rome so ordinary, so hidden a life, that when after his death they began to move in the process of his canonisation one of the Cardinals, who had known him in his later life and in that way only, said that he had never remarked anything in him more than in any edifying priest. St. Stanislaus Kostka's life and vocation is a bright romance—till he

entered the noviceship, where after 10 months he died, and at the same time its interest ceases. Much the same may be said of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The Blessed John Berchmans was beatified for his most exact observance of the rule; he said of himself and the text is famous among us, Common life is the greatest of my mortifications; Gregory XVI (I think) when the first steps were to be taken said of him too: At that rate you will have to canonize all the Roman College. I quote these cases to prove that show and brilliancy do not suit us, that we cultivate the commonplace outwardly and wish the beauty of the king's daughter the soul to be from within.

—From *The Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon.* Edited by C. Collexa Abbott (London: Oxford University Press).

White Magic

Out of a welter of fading yellow rises the great rock of the Acropolis. Roman ruins and Greek huddle around its base, and thoughtfully the authorities have preserved some space of trees, here and there for measurable isolation. Busses and automobiles roar around the rock, and gasoline and cinema signs fight for nearer approximations, but at the base of the scarp civilization ceases and culture—or the memory of a culture, begins. Orthodox Christians, Moslems, Franks, Venetians, predatory amateurs and archæologists have sequently contributed their share of destructive energy, and now restoration comes in to play its part, but still some immortality fights down mortality, and the Acropolis, ruined, desecrated and defiled, still reveals and proclaims something in the life of man that had the whiteness of pure flame, a thing that could not die.

And yet there is no whiteness here as of snow or lime or deep-sea pearls. Rather it is all blue-silver and old ivory and amber from Samarkand. But the word means so much more than pure pallor, it embraces all these warm hues, that, as with the spectrum, together make the white fire of pure white. From the sea the Parthenon shows white against the mauve of Lycabettus and the blue of the Pentelican hills. It is white under the sun and white under the moon, but it is the white of some higher purity that transfigures its material accidents.

Approached as the Acropolis should be under a late sun on a cloudless day, the Propylæa is a towering wonder of clustered, truncated shafts of chiselled ivory glowing with an interior fire that makes these dead stones a living breath. I have never seen this before except once, long ago when, at his jubilee, Pope Leo XIII was borne into St. Peter's in his sedia gestatoria. How should marble of Pentelicus become ivory and how should this ivory grow into still flame? The chryselephantine statue of Athena in all its wonder of chiselled ivory and wrought gold is gone, refashioned perhaps into dice and traders' coins, but something of its soul has drifted down from the violet-crowned height to infuse these stones of the portal with their undying flame.

And through the last of the pale, fluted shafts, opens the bare blue rock, like a broken pavement of tarnished silver with cobalt caught in the clefts and shadows. On one hand the girlish slenderness of the pearl-white Erechtheion, on the other, high, high as the tallest

hills, the Parthenon, s u p r e m e achievement of the highest intellect of man. Here also is the texture of old ivory so that the touch lingers and caresses, but the colour is of the honey of Hybla and of the wrought amber of Turkestan. Out of a giant stylobate of blue-silver it r i s e s against purple Hymettus into a blue sky that is infinite depth; less colour than the radiant profundity of interstellar space.

Under the m o o n all colour is burned away and the Acropolis and all it sustains becomes burnished silver with shadows that are neither black nor violet, but something akin to both. Then Athens vanishes in the dark and becomes only a widespread star cluster, a fallen milky way of gleaming stars; the sky is impenetrable and the moon paints the ghost of Hellas in dark shadows on the pale silver of column, entablature and pavement. But the lasting memory is neither of ivory, nacre or amber, but of *white*, for it is this that is the indwelling spirit of the Acropolis.

I do not know the secret of this white magic that still lingers in these enclaves and islands and hidden places of the old East that saw the birth of the human world we know. It is more than what the eye sees, more than the joy of something clean and utterly pure. The final appeal is interior, mystical, taking hold, in some sort, of ultimate things. It is criticism and judgment, but it is also illumination. We know little enough of the Beatific Vision, but one thing we can safely assume and that is that it has that perfect whiteness that has its pale simulacrum in the white cities of the Ægean Sea.

—From *Convictions and Controversies*. By Ralph Adams Cram, F.A.I.A., F.R.G.S., Litt.D. LL.D. (Boston: Marshall Jones Co.).

Foreign Periodicals

Spain To-day

Spain has suffered chiefly from two scourges in the past century and more, a slavish imitation of exotic models and an unfortunate confusion between real progress and the doctrinal Liberalism condemned by the Church and now so widely discredited. This alienated many from the true native tradition of Spain and from the Catholic Church, with which all her history is so inseparably bound up. It is absurd to say that the Church "wielded immense power in Spain," as the cliché phrases will have it, because it fits in with their unhistorical preconceptions of what should be, on the *a priori* method. During all this past century of decadence the Church has been dispossessed and hampered by the Liberal State, so that whatever she may have done in the remote past she cannot at least be accused of having done since! Liberalism has had its chance.

The splendid work of the Catholic Revival has laid the old bogies for good and shown that Spain can only be herself by returning to her golden age when an enlightened orthodoxy combined the humanism of the Renaissance with the principles of Christianity. It is the ambition of the new Spain to lead the way, like another Israel, among the ruins of European thought to-day, reviving the glories of her intellectual traditions, of faith allied with reason, the spirit of Salamanca and Alcala, firm on eternal principles like a rock, supple and elastic, wherever are to be found such things as are becoming and of good report. But in order to achieve this she must first purge out the old leaven, she must vigorously react against the foreign bodies that have infected her system, whether they come from the incomprehension of the Right or the ravings of the Left. For this task she needs, in the political world, a leader, and she has found him in José Maria Gil Robles. . . . He is essentially a democrat, a Christian democrat, keen that Spain should come into her own by building solidly on her past foundations, adapted to modern needs . . . and he would be the first to shy at any idea of being promoted to the official rank of a *Fuhrer;* if dictatorial power were ever forced on him he would receive it most reluctantly as the mandate of his country, and it could only come if the Left were to continue to make any sort of reasonable democracy impossible. The principles for which his party fights are none other than those of the Gospel, and like their Master, they have come *"non ministrari, sed ministrare . . ."*

Gil Robles has defined his programme as one of national reconstruction. He recognizes a positive content in the Spanish Revolution, much as Lacordaire found it in the French, and he wishes to build on this whilst securing the overthrow of Marxism. He insists on social reform, which was a crying need in agricultural Spain, and already one of his group, the present Minister of Agriculture, is submitting various laws of an immediately practical social nature to the consideration of the Cortes, with the object of securing within a few years a large increase in the number of peasant

proprietors throughout the country. . . .

The significance of Gil Robles, then, cannot be exaggerated. It is to this man and to his party that the whole of the Right very largely owe their victory in 1933, for the elections were fought on the basis of an anti-Marxist coalition, a fight against Communism in the interests of Labour, and a fight, too, for property, family, and religion. If that be called reaction, then reaction it was. . . . It was a fight, too, for national unity, against the foreign and disintegrating forces of Socialism and Freemasonry, which has done such vast harm in Spain.

There is talk now of rifts in the governmental coalition and of defections from the party of Gil Robles. There are new parties of the Right, such as the *Bloque Nacional*, added to the older *Renovación Española*, born of the popular Party's decision to serve within the Republic, a decision which, as has been said, is not acceptable to the more extreme Monarchists, who would like an immediate restoration of the old order more or less as it was. . . . But whatever the success of these manœuvres, the fact remains that Gil Robles leads the party with the widest and soundest national basis and the least open to charges of self-interest in the policy it pursues. If Spain is to be saved it will be by *Acción Popular* and by its leader.

—A. Z., in *The Colosseum* (London), March.

The Individualistic Social Theory

The Reformation was not primarily a social nor an economic movement, and it did not at once uproot traditional social theory. The early reformers reiterated the social teaching of the Catholic Church with even greater vehemence. A contemporary has remarked that Luther was as vehement against usury as against the Pope. In spite of the example of economic greed set by Henry VIII in the confiscation of the wealth of the monasteries, both in his reign and in that of Edward VI great efforts were made to perpetuate the old social ideal. But the Protestant continuance of Catholic social theory was inevitably vitiated by the reservation of private judgment. Until the sixteenth century economics, far from being a separate science, was just another branch of ethics. But the Protestant Church by upholding the thesis of private judgment destroyed in fact the only sound basis of enforcing its excellent ethical code, which latter was therefore doomed sooner or later to sink to the level of merely theoretic philosophy. Thus in spite of the almost exaggerated ethical orthodoxy of the early Protestant preachers, the first beginnings of a more individualistic social theory were apparent soon after the Reformation. The Church having abrogated its right to be the ultimate authority in matters of economic conduct, the entire regulation of social organisation was left to the State, and it is not surprising that in spite of the high ideals of the social thinkers the Reformation was followed by a fall in commercial morality. . . .

It is a significant fact that the first legislation for the relief of pauperism in this country dates from after the dissolution of the monasteries; but the most noteworthy legislation from our point of view is that concerning rates of pay for labourers. Thorold Rogers, the pioneer of eco-

nomic historians, has carried out a detailed study of the laws concerning the wages of agricultural workers after the Reformation, and he has come to the considered opinion that there was a conspiracy on the part of landowners to reduce wages to starvation rates in order to increase agricultural rents. By Elizabeth's *Statute of Labourers* the justices were empowered to revise rates of wages according to the cheapness or dearness of the necessities of life, and Rogers has proved that the assessments found between the years 1563 and 1725 invariably prescribed rates of pay which reduced wages to a famine level while the assessments of the century before were, considering prices, exceedingly liberal. Justices were invariably landowners, and their incomes would benefit from low wages, which opened the way to increased rents. As a result of these assessments rents tended for the next two centuries to be increased at the expense of wages, until at the end of the eighteenth century the latter had sunk so low that the wages of even whole-time workers had to be subscribed out of the poor rates. Thus the Reformation undoubtedly heralded the beginning of a new economic era wherein the rich increased their property at the expense of the poor. With the disappearance of the Catholic Church in England as a restraining force upon man's avarice, the propertied classes have tended to act as if the acceptance of the right to private property meant an unlimited and unconditioned enjoyment of all they have or can seize.

In the Middle Ages the strict adherence of all economic activity to the social ideal and to a moral line of conduct undoubtedly hindered production. Under the feudal system everything had to be subordinated to the medieval ideals of the distribution of wealth. The organisation of farming, the staple industry of the country, suffered from an inefficient labour service system that was the result of exact obedience to accepted social theory. After the Reformation and coincident with the increase in the circulation of money, ideals were sacrificed at the altar of increased production, and the State took no notice of the accompanying sacrifice of justice to the increase of individual wealth. By the end of the sixteenth century religion and morality had become for the State only an instrumental good, and expediency instead of moral law dictated social legislation to a large extent.

From that time until now the accumulation of wealth and material possessions has tended to become more and more the universal aim, and politicians and philosophers have insisted on the absolute character of the right to private property so that the obligation to limit the enjoyment of property on account of the claims of others has been thrust into the background. In the struggle for greater efficiency and increased production the rights of large classes of individuals have been overlooked, and our present admittedly higher standard of living has been accomplished only by tyranny, by the subjugation of large classes and by the establishment of a proletariat during the intervening centuries. Since this nation abandoned Catholicism the old unity of endeavour has been lost and has been replaced by endless competition and unrest. The old order by its strict obedience to the claims of class and justice undoubtedly impeded the advance towards greater material

well-being and a higher general standard of living, and it is not to be denied that the medieval social theory was marred in practice by many instances of injustice and destitution. In view of this many have argued that its abandonment by the State for the principle of expediency has conferred such benefits upon the English nation, in the shape of increased wealth and social services, that it has more than justified itself; and they assert that any State trying to live up to an ideal of that sort will fall a victim to the extravagance of visionaries and the rapacity of exploiters. To this there is only one reply. The policy of expediency must be based upon the Machiævellian assumption that man is intrinsically bad, and no State founded on this false assumption can have real or lasting success.

—R. A. Lamb, in *Blackfriars* (Oxford), May.

Recent Events

Nazis, the Church and Peace

News from Germany, even under lynx-eyed censorship, indicates continued and growing difficulties for Christianity and a more blatant display of paganism. Open hostility to the Jews continues as is evident in statements of Hitler and by the activities of Julius Streicher, the Dictator's chief deputy in Franconia and publisher of an anti-Semitic newspaper, *Stuermer*. At a recent meeting in Nuremberg, May 9th, he pleaded for an international war against the Jews.

Catholics have been subjected to constant irritations, such as the prohibition by the police of a public gathering of First Communion children in Cologne, and to harsher measures of repression such as the imprisonment of a priest in Danzig after the recent defeat of the Nazis there because he had criticized the absolute lack of religion in the German labor camps. Indeed, there have been many arrests of Catholic priests. The sentencing of Msgr. Wilhelm Leffers to eighteen months' imprisonment was especially tyrannical. Both the daily and the Catholic papers in this country reported the outrage. The English *Catholic Times* calls it a story "to rouse anger and disgust." According to this paper the Monsignor was tried and convicted on a charge of violating the law for the protection of the State from "treacherous attacks."

What happened, according to this paper, was that "Msgr. Leffers was trapped by *agents-provacateurs*, in the guise of students seeking advice for their souls, into condemning Rosenberg's pagan and stupid *Myth of the Twentieth Century*." When the Easter number of the Berlin diocesan paper carried the story it was immediately confiscated, though the fact that this Catholic organ also reported the large crowds which attended the Passiontime sermons in Berlin's twenty-five churches may also have had something to do with the confiscation.

Protestants who are true to their convictions and opposed to the German Christian Society look upon the Reich Bishop Mueller as "a tool of the devil and an enemy of Christ's church." These "opposition pastors," as they are called, live under constant threat. A meeting of all Nazi department heads in Munich, April 13th, reported by the Associated Press, decided that no quarter shall be shown to the Nazi church opposition, and they threatened that a heavy hand would fall on the heads of all clergymen and laymen who oppose the régime of Bishop Mueller. It was reported May 6th, however, that the Foreign Ministry has been complaining of this crusade against the clergy because it seriously interfered with the effort to turn British public opinion in favor of Germany, and it was said a halt had been called to the wholesale arrests.

Meanwhile the pagan movement thrives. During Easter week a crowd estimated as numbering 15,000 filled the Sportpalast in Berlin to listen to speeches attacking Christianity and lauding the new

Germanic Pagan Faith. Professor Jacob Wilhelm Hauer, leader of the movement, declared that Christianity was not the true religion of the Germans who had united under Herr Hitler because of their longing for a "Germanic" faith. "God has not revealed Himself," he is quoted as having said, "in the so-called chosen people alone, but also in us through our Fuehrer, to enable us to accomplish our great mission in the world." Apparently this type of "religion" has the support of the Government. The Nazi weekly paper *Reichswart* praised this rally and the whole movement, saying that it is "fundamentally religious but it denies Christianity in all its confessions and forms." Even the Reich Bishop Mueller not only refuses to join the orthodox Protestant Bishops in denouncing this new paganism, but calls upon them to adopt towards it "a worthy attitude expressing the particular character of the Evangelical Church."

Pagan terms and ancient pagan rites have been revived and a new flag has been designed: a blue banner with a silver swastica in a gold sunwheel. Young people were put through "dedication ceremonies" at Eastertime that were designed to fill in the child's life the place formerly held by confirmation. But youth or occupational organizations, at least in some parts of the Reich, are strictly forbidden to meet for any but purely religious and charitable activities. The State police, according to the *New York Times*, in the Bielfeld industrial district issued this drastic decree: "It is forbidden for such organizations to appear in groups, engage publicly in sports, go camping or arrange vacation trips, employ bands or orchestras, carry flags or wear any insignia revealing membership in such religious organization."

A group of 2,000 German youths who made an Easter pilgrimage to Rome were stripped of the mementoes of their visit upon their return to the Reich, their special green and blue shirts taken from them, and they were treated as political suspects. When another smaller group visited the Holy Father early in May His Holiness protested against this outrage and expressed the hope that they would receive "better treatment" than their predecessors, and he also deplored the efforts being made in their country "to de-Christianize Germany," and "to conduct the country back to barbaric paganism."

In the field of international relations, in spite of the "rumors of war," Chancellor Hitler, in an interview given to Edward P. Bell of the *Literary Digest*, expressed himself most emphatically as being on the side of peace. "Nobody in this Germany, nobody in this unified and disciplined State, wants war," he is quoted as saying. He said that Europe is not big enough for war under present-day conditions. "War has been speeded up too much," he said, "and made too overwhelmingly destructive, for our geographical limitations. The motorization of armies is the miracle and the matchless terror of all time. Within an hour, aye, in some instances, within forty minutes, of the outbreak of hostilities, swift and powerful bombing-planes would wreak a ruin upon the European capitals which could not be repaired in decades." The deliberate war-maker in these days, he said, is a traitor, not a patriot, for "he leads his people into the Valley of the Shadow of Death," and he asserted

once more, that "the new Germany is against war, not only because it does not pay, but because it rapes every instinct of civilized man."

American Bishops' Vigorous Statement on Mexico

The Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, at their regular spring meeting in Washington, issued a statement on May 1st, in which they thanked all those, Catholic and non-Catholic, who had given public expression of their earnest protests against the persecution of religion in Mexico. They then said that "in line with the charge given it at the general meeting of the Bishops of the United States [the Committee] has asked of our honored President and the official members of the present Federal Administration that in justice to our own country, and in support of the principle of religious worship, our Government make representations to the Government of Mexico against not only its denial but its persecution of religion."

The statement carried these grave charges:

"The Government of Mexico is carrying out a vast propaganda in this country to the effect that there is no religious persecution in Mexico. Thousands of closed churches in which religious worship is prohibited are silent but convincing evidences to the contrary. In fourteen out of thirty-two States of Mexico no minister of religion is permitted to function. The vast majority of the citizens of Mexico is deprived of the rights of liberty of education: forced to accept under savage penalties, what an atheistic government imposes on them and their children. Government spies ferret out, torture, and even put to death, those who in conscience resent such tyranny. The faithful of Mexico are giving to the world an example of heroic martyrdom for conscience' sake. With a brutality seldom exceeded in all human history, the present Administration of Mexico is deliberately, ruthlessly, pursuing a policy whereby all religion, all true freedom, will be destroyed."

The Administrative Committee made a dignified but forceful demand upon Washington to break its long silence. "We ask that our Government be consistent and live up to its own set policy," the Bishops said. "We ask our Government to defend before its own people the principles upon which our Government is founded. The traditional policy of our Government does not permit it to remain silent at the present moment and in the present crisis. We may not interfere with the internal affairs of another nation. But freedom of conscience, freedom of religious worship, freedom of education, are principles of which, even for the sake of the least-gifted of humanity, our Government was never silent. Good-will to neighboring nations means good-will to the peoples and the rights of those peoples, as well as to the particular administration that is ruling them. Persecution does not cease to be persecution when invested with the dignity of constitutional or statute law."

The statement of the Committee concluded by saying that the Bishops would continue to spread the knowledge of the facts about Mexico and to urge their people to express individually and corporately their petitions to Washington that

in the rôle of the good neighbor our Government use its good offices with the Mexican Government to restore religious liberty to its fifteen million citizens.

A week after this action of the Administrative Committee, the Supreme Board of Directors of the Knights of Columbus meeting in Detroit, authorized Martin H. Carmody, Supreme Knight, to send a letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, in which he complained that no answer has come from the President to the many petitions, protests and appeals sent him during the last several months on the Mexican persecution. "In the meantime," the letter stated, "conditions in Mexico grow steadily worse. Thousands of peaceable and defenseless men, women and children of that country are deprived of their civil and personal liberties, are subjected daily to most distressing indignities and persecutions, are expatriated and murdered because of their religious beliefs, yet no action has been taken by our Government."

The letter charged further, that "our Government has not only failed to take action, but has openly opposed an investigation of these conditions by our Congress." It called attention to the many occasions in the past when our Government had effectively interposed in behalf of other persecuted religionists, and remarked that "by such generous and noble concern for oppressed mankind in the past, our Government inspired a deeper devotion in its citizens at home and commanded greater respect abroad."

Up to the time of going to press, no public acknowledgment has been made either of the Bishops' protest or that of the Knights of Columbus.

The Symons Exhibition

During the past month, a rare exhibition of ecclesiastical art took place at Symons, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York. Here in two rooms were assembled chalices, monstrances, censers, tabernacles, crucifixes, all the vessels and symbols of liturgy, and all the lavish workmanship and material silver- and goldsmiths of earlier centuries delighted in. The display was a feast for the eye even of the uninitiated, and a mine of historical record for the antiquarian and artist.

"An Italian tabernacle," according to the detailed description, "dated 1554, has a most interesting inscription relating to Buoncompagno Buoncompagni, brother of Pope Gregory XIII. and Senator of Bologna . . . It is shaped of bronze and copper gilt in the form of a domed building with a colonnade around the upper part. The figure of Peace, statuettes of the Apostles, Evangelists and angels stand at the top. Details of the columns are set with silver plaques, and the plinth is supported by winged sea-horses."

Among the old Spanish pieces was a large crucifix composed almost entirely of rock crystal and coral, the Corpus being fashioned entirely of coral, which substance, like bright drops of blood, outlines the cross itself.

The second room had been made into the semblance of a chapel hung with priceless Lambeth tapestries of the Last Supper and the Supper at Emmaus, while seventeenth century stained glass windows and carved choir-stalls of the Early Renaissance and a rich altar completed the picture.

The exhibition might well have made the beholder regret that ma-

chinery had ever found its way into the world, so vital is the beauty created by hands now dust.

Progress in Archdiocese in India

The Catholic World has just received a letter and a report from the Most Rev. Dr. Mar Ivanios, O.I.C., M.A., Archbishop of Trivandrum, near the southern tip of India. An account of His Excellency's submission to Rome after having been for many years an adherent of the Jacobite schism was contained in our Ball and the Cross Department in January, 1931. The total Catholic population is 18,725, and this represents an increase of 8,539 persons during the year 1934 alone. Among the converts were two Jacobite priests. Besides this remarkable growth in the number of souls under his jurisdiction, the Archbishop was able to open a Seminary, a preparatory Seminary, the Pope Pius XI. English High School for Boys, and six churches. In addition chapels and new stations were opened at twenty-eight centers. The Archbishop reports that Pious Associations have been established and retreats and apologetic conferences conducted, and His Excellency confesses that all this progress has been due to the great support the Holy See has graciously rendered to him.

The zealous Archbishop's flock is a small minority, for in his Archdiocese he has over two million pagans and Mohammedans, and nearly four hundred thousand Jacobites and Protestants. The liturgical language of the Catholics is Syriac.

Death of Prominent Educator

After a brief illness, Sister St. Eliza, Dean of Marguerite Bourgeoys College and one of America's most prominent educationalists, died on Sunday, May 12th, at the Mother House of the Congregation of Notre Dame in Montreal. The former Theresa Macdougall, Sister St. Eliza was born at Port Hood, Nova Scotia, and entered the Congregation of Notre Dame in 1893. Twenty-three years of her religious life had been spent as Dean of the College, which from small beginnings has, under her enlightened leadership and that of her colleague, Mother St. Anne-Marie, Director General of the College, developed into one of the foremost Catholic institutions of higher education for women in America. The crowds who attended her funeral at the Chapel of the Mother House on Wednesday morning, May 15th, bore eloquent tribute to Sister St. Eliza's unostentatious scholarship and unflagging zeal. May she rest in peace!

Our Contributors

COMING as it does from the pen of one of the few to whom "Edwin Arlington Robinson" gave his friendship, THEODORE MAYNARD'S portrait of the man as he knew him is particularly valuable. Dr. Maynard, now on the faculty of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, is much in demand on the lecture platform throughout the country, and his pen is active in the pages of many periodicals.

ONE of the most successful of our Southern *littérateurs*, VIRGINIA (MRS. J. JETT) MCCORMICK, has been a contributor of prose and poetry to our pages for many years. "Legend" is in the same vein as the stories first printed by us and later collected into the volume, *Charcoal and Chalk*, a second edition of which appeared in 1931. Mrs. McCormick's home is in Norfolk, and she knows well the *milieu* of which she writes.

PROFESSOR of History at Loyola University, Chicago, REV. GILBERT J. GARRAGHAN, S.J., for the past year has been filling the chair of Exchange Professor of History in the Gregorian University in Rome. Hence the inspiration for "Newest Rome." Father Garraghan is on the Editorial Staff of *Mid-America*, of which he was formerly Editor, and is the author of several volumes of Western Catholic History, the latest of which, *Some Chapters in Frontier History*, was published last year.

As we were the first publishers of STANLEY B. JAMES'S *Autobiography*, we feel a possessive interest in him and his work, and rejoice in the frequency with which we meet his name in magazines here and abroad. In "The Sacrifice of Song" he writes aptly of the Hopkins Correspondence, about which we shall have more to say later. Mr. James's most recent book, *Back to Langland*, has just been published in England, and will soon be reviewed in our pages.

THERE is no pen more active today in the fight on Communism than that of G. M. GODDEN. Close study and practical investigation, continued ever since the War, have enabled her to write with full documentation of the insidious Soviet campaigns. We hope that "The Communist 'United Front' in 1935" will arouse our readers to the need of an *anti*-Communist united front. Miss Godden's book, *The Communist Attack on Great Britain*, has recently come from the press of Burns, Oates & Washbourne in London.

THERE is no need to introduce WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH, M.A., LITT.D. ("Our Regimented Mind"), to our readers, but we take great pleasure in announcing the recognition that is being accorded him in many literary fields. This month saw the publication of two more books from his pen, his first novel, *Out of the Whirlwind*, and a second study of the great Spanish Queen, *Isabella the Crusader;* his Passion Play, *The Silver Shekels*, was produced during Lent by several groups in different States. Dr. Walsh plans

to devote his summer to another historical work, a life of Philip II.

BLANCHE MARY KELLY, LITT.D., tells us a heartening story of a successful venture in an especially effective form of Catholic Action—"Study Clubs." That her own exceptional equipment and capable leadership played a large part in its success, we have no doubt. Dr. Kelly, formerly Editorial Manager of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, has been for the last thirteen years resident Professor of English at the College of Mount St. Vincent. As Editorial Secretary of the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee, she launched and edited for three years *The Book Survey*, and wrote the Committee's weekly syndicated article of literary criticism which was one of the most appreciated features of the N. C. W. C. News Service. She has been an occasional and valued contributor to our pages for many years.

WE are glad to give our readers REV. JOSEPH MCSORLEY'S clear, well documented answer to this perplexing question, "What's Wrong in Mexico?" This is the first article we have had from Father McSorley for several years, through no fault of ours, be it said. He is a generous contributor, however, to our Book Review Department, enriching it with his ripened judgment and scholarly background, and carrying on a tradition that dates from his early Paulist days. His latest book, *A Primer of Prayer*, published last October, has gone into a third edition here and was brought out in England in February. A second article on Mexico by Father McSorley will appear next month.

AMONG our June poets, we number RUTH (MRS. JOHN H.) MERRILL ("Folded Wings"), of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., whose recent reception into the Church together with her three small daughters, seems to have brought her also the gift of song; DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY ("The World Is Lost"), one of our widely published Southern poets; WALTER RICHARDSON, a young newcomer from Cincinnati, who achieves distinction on his first appearance in print and belies his youth with "The Legend of Euphrasia"; and CRISTEL HASTINGS, our Californian bard of the sea, the freshness of whose "Wind Songs" would seem to say she had never sung of it before.

FROM Algeria, where she has lived for many years, LOUISE MARIE (COUNTESS JOSEPH) DE SONIS sends us "The Caïd's Promise," another story, based like the first she wrote for us, on facts. The Countess is the daughter-in-law of the saintly General de Sonis and a convert to the Faith. Being an absolute bilinguist, she has written in both French and English for various magazines here and abroad, and has in preparation a volume of her collected short stories.

New Books

Milton. By Rose Macaulay.—Milton. By Hilaire Belloc.—The Illusion of Immortality. By Corliss Lamont.—Convictions and Controversies. By Ralph Adams Cram.—What Is American Literature? By Carl Van Doren.—Beyond Conscience. By T. V. Smith.—The Meaning of Right and Wrong. By Richard C. Cabot.—The Dawn of Conscience. By James H. Breasted.—GK's. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton.—The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse. Chosen by H. J. C. Grierson and G. G. Bullough.—The History of Spain. 711-1931. By Louis Bertrand and Sir Charles Petrie, Bart.—America's Hour of Decision. By Glenn Frank.—General George Brinton McClellan. By William Starr Myers, Ph.D.—A Study of the Development of Negro Education Under Catholic Auspices in Maryland and the District of Columbia. By Michael Francis Rouse (Brother Bede, C.F.X.).—Shorter Notices.

Milton. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.00.

Milton. By Hilaire Belloc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.00.

It is a strange fate that brings Hilaire Belloc and Rose Macaulay within the compass of a single review, but not more strange than the fact that the subject which so associates them is John Milton. For, despite Mr. Belloc's versatility, to which by this time no subject should seem incongruous, Milton does appear at first sight to take him somewhat out of his field, whereas, for vastly different reasons, Milton would seem for Miss Macaulay only a slightly less happy choice than St. Augustine, whose biographer she has already been.

It would be an injustice to both books to consider them solely on a basis of comparison with each other, but a comparison of some sort must inevitably be made, if only because on certain points the authors differ so sharply. Before making that comparison, however, it may be well for me to appraise each book separately.

Miss Macaulay's, I think, hardly bears out the publisher's claim that in it "Milton the man is newly revealed." It contains nothing new in the way of biographical data, nor even anything that pretends to be new. Nevertheless, the familiar facts are set forth with refreshing cogency and with what for Miss Macaulay is a minimum of interlinear comment, for this is an unquestionably sincere effort to present an impartial and objective portrait of a man for whom she can have felt little partiality.

Indeed, to have set down so little in malice is no small achievement for a writer whose malice has such close affinity with wit, especially when she is writing of a man whose weaknesses almost constitute a challenge in that sort. The narration is marked by Miss Macaulay's characteristic glibness of tone, which is scarcely calculated to conceal the fact that Milton the misogynist has fallen into the hands of an ardent feminist, one, however, who does not take full advantage of her opportunity to have the last word.

The book is on the whole an admirable brief biography, in which the literary criticism is more or less

incidental and generally understanding without being sympathetic. The best of the criticism is in the "Postscript," in which Milton is summed up and appraised, described as "the least English, the most alien of English poets," revealed, not indeed newly, but memorably, in his greatness and strangeness, his littlenesses and shortcomings, as the inexplicable being he was.

Mr. Belloc follows his usual procedure of telling us what he proposes to do in his book and then doing it, not, I think, with complete success. He does not entirely succeed in the distinction he draws between the man and the poet, for his book only serves to emphasize what was already evident, the extent to which Milton's poetry was colored and shaped by the character and personality of Milton the man.

Nor does it seem to me that Mr. Belloc makes enough of the indebtedness of Milton's Muse to its Catholic ancestry, although he does point out that "the 'Ode to the Nativity' might have been written by a warm Catholic from beginning to end." But in spite of Milton's Puritanism, his eventual loss of Christian faith, his poetry can only be explained in the light of the long heritage of Catholic belief to which his genius succeeded.

Mr. Belloc stresses the poet's early matrimonial misadventure, which warped his nature and broke his life, less through disappointed love than injured pride. It is especially in this insight, although it is not by any means his greatest gift, that Mr. Belloc shows his aptitude for writing on such a man as John Milton, and since his treatment of Milton's attitude towards women inevitably suggests Miss Macaulay's, I may as well undertake the comparison that is thereby thrust upon me.

It is impossible not to feel that Milton comes off much better in Mr. Belloc's book than in Miss Macaulay's, although the issues on which Milton differs from his biographers are more serious in Mr. Belloc's case than in Miss Macaulay's. The reason for this is twofold. First there is the ripe and urbane scholarship which pervades Mr. Belloc's pages and which, without gainsaying Miss Macaulay's brilliancy, enables him to write in engaging fashion, now as the historian of Milton's time, now as the analyst of its economic consequences, now as a critic who is also a poet.

The second reason is that Mr. Belloc possesses something that Miss Macaulay almost wholly lacks, a sense of reverential awe which enables him to admire what he cannot love, and to be swept out of himself by the transcendently beautiful. Nor is this mere ill-judging emotionalism, for Mr. Belloc is too sound a dialectician not to have a reason for his love.

Hence his study of Milton's poetry, with its discussion of the underlying principles, seems to me immeasurably more important than his account of Milton's life, though as I have already said his book demonstrates the inextricable connection between the two. Oddly enough, it is precisely on this head that these two writers most sharply disagree, as when Miss Macaulay dismisses the sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord," as "famous but not very good," while Belloc calls it "that glorious gift to immortality," substantiating the claim in three and a half pages of superb criticism.

Both books drive home the importance of religion as an element

in our cultural development and both, although written from such diametrically opposite standpoints, must leave the thoughtful reader unable to agree that "nothing is here for tears." B. M. K.

The Illusion of Immortality. By Corliss Lamont. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

Immortality! The history of belief in it, the variety of conceptions as to its nature, the content and the basis of the Catholic doctrine, the numerous possible objections which have been suggested and the discussion of these,—all this could be the subject of a scholarly, thoughtful and interesting study on a tremendous issue. To look for any such adequate treatment in Mr. Lamont's new book, however, is to meet with disappointment.

The first page of his preface tells us that when the author started his study of human immortality some years ago he "both desired and believed in a life after death." Facts and logic, he says, have compelled him to give up his belief. That would not be our explanation of his change of mind.

Since these pages give more than a little evidence of the author's wish to study his subject seriously, we think he may be willing to listen to a few suggestions given, with all sympathy, by an older man. Here they are: When one enters upon an honest and fair discussion of an issue, one does not begin with certain assumptions which imply that there is only a single possible answer to the question raised. Now if Mr. Lamont will go over his book, especially the first part, with a really open mind, he can hardly fail to note passages in which he has made arbitrary assumptions. There are other passages in which he reasons very loosely. Moreover, in the discussion of so serious a subject, pleasantries, especially offensive pleasantries, are out of place. And one must be scrupulously just. The attentive reader loses respect for a writer who is not careful to present fairly the teaching of any authority he cites, who indulges in unprovable generalizations, or who betrays a lack of reverence and of patience—properties of the true scholar. Mr. Lamont would discover the way in which a serious problem is treated by a serious man, if he would study such a book as W. H. Mallock's *Is Life Worth Living?*, W. H. Turton's *The Truth of Christianity*, von Hügel's *Eternal Life* or Newman's *Grammar of Assent*. J. McS.

Convictions and Controversies. By Ralph Adams Cram, F.A.I.A., F.R.G.S., LL.D. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $2.50.

No one in our time and country has so succeeded in popularizing the cultural function of architecture as has Ralph Adams Cram. Mr. Cram's convincing power comes from his solid reputation as a great architect, as well as from his thoroughly spiritual, religious point of view. He speaks as a genuine creator, who has left memorials of his ideals in every part of the land. In this present volume of addresses and articles a peculiar sense, proper to his high profession, of the beautiful as expressed in the sublime, is given eloquent expression in the delightful chapter, "White Magic," describing the charm of eastern Mediterranean islands. He is absorbed by the mystery of the emergence of full-blown civilization at the dawn of Egypt, and his fascinating chapter on Sakkarah proposes the inevitable conun-

drum which confronts those who try to explain this strange phenomenon.

Spirited as is Mr. Cram's analysis of democracy's crisis in our day, it suffers from oversimplification. Humanity, in Mr. Cram's opinion, is a "great fluid, formless mass," out of which "rise, at certain intervals, brilliant demonstrations of character or genius." These latter are "pinpoints of light" amid the general darkness, they are the "saving remnant," rare as Republican leaders under the New Deal. It is not safe to intrust power any longer to the masses of men, who are and always have been of the "Neolithic" type. With this social ontology one is obliged to disagree. True, many men are Neolithic, even in Washington, D. C., but not by such an overwhelming majority. At least in those lands where Christianity has had some influence, investigation unearths a surprising number, possibly millions, of really delightful souls in every walk of life, who are far from being "mass men," who have individuality, initiative, rich gifts of character and mind, and sometimes a little more humor than the social philosophers who catalogue them. Mr. Cram has swallowed just a little more Ortega y Gasset than is good for him.

With much wisdom he emphasizes the connection of beauty with those movements and social conditions that are essentially true to human nature. When Mr. Cram proposes however that beauty be set up as the test of truth there arises the question as to what shall be the standard of beauty. How would such a test have operated in France, say, in the eighteenth century, when the whole nation, from kings and cardinals to village sacristans, rose up like one man to sweep every vestige of Gothic architecture out of the land? For Mr. Cram himself certain things are indisputably beautiful, just as for him certain religious practices, to use his placid phrase, "are good" (page 288). His taste both in art and in religious practices is generally sound; but humanity needs more than an individual's taste. It needs an authoritative norm of rightness, whether in the social or in the religious order; and without such a norm, the authority of the "saving remnant" may develop into tyranny. Mr. Cram pleads with convincing earnestness for religious unity. Will he find the clue to it at the close of his long pilgrimage? It cannot be found on the basis of individual preference, however elevated. J. LAF.

What Is American Literature? By Carl Van Doren. New York: William Morrow & Co. $1.00.

In its author's words, this compact, brief outline of American literature is "a definition not a debate" *(sic.)*. Dr. Van Doren wisely eschews the many mooted questions which might here have preoccupied the pedant. Instead, he tries to show our significant writers "in action, moving to the life in space and time." The e a r l y colonials, Edwards, Franklin, P a i n e, Irving, the Transcendentalists, Hawthorne, Poe, James, Howells, and five or six living writers — these are the authors who represent the chief currents of the m a i n stream. The study is intelligent, colorful, felicitous in its phrasing; and as a rapid survey it should prove valuable to the two classes for whom it was designed: those who know so little about American letters that t h e y want only the essentials; and those

who know so much that they need to learn "what the essentials are."

Unfortunately, Dr. Van Doren's discussion of the modern scene is not always judicious. I cannot agree, for example, that the arguments against Dreiser "now sound rudimentary and archaic," that "Mencken has stood always on the side of excellence," or that the court exoneration of *Jurgen* won "the case for American literature." C. McC.

Beyond Conscience. By T. V. Smith. New York: Whittlesey House-McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.00.

The Meaning of Right and Wrong. By Richard C. Cabot. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

The Dawn of Conscience. By James H. Breasted. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

Professor Smith of the University of Chicago reminds us of the loud-talking traveling man in a Pullman smoker. He tells us many things about God that are not so, with an infallible assurance that must needs manufacture atheists by the score among his unsuspecting students. He claims to be a disciple of Santayana, who, he takes pains to inform us, regards "religions as the fairy tales of conscience," and asks such marvelously illuminating questions as "Is not morality a worse enemy of spirit than immorality? Is it not more hopelessly deceptive and entangling?"

Like his master, Mr. Smith is provokingly blasphemous at times, especially in his crude exegesis of the book of Job, and amazingly illogical in his sophomoric discussion of the problem of evil. He wastes many a page on the ontological argument of St. Anselm, and sentimentalizes over the case of "poor old Galileo." We wonder what he means when he says that "civilization lies somewhere beyond conscience," or that "conscience must be made to face its cross."

We are not interested in what he has to say with regard to Royce and Green, Durkheim and Sumner, McTaggart and Bosanquet, or Sidgwick and Ross, but we find his conscience doctrine of aesthetic morals logically invalid. *Pace* Mr. Smith, beauty and goodness are not the same. We may indeed in a certain sense declare that moral good is always beautiful, and moral evil ugly. But Catholic moralists call a thing beautiful because its contemplation pleases us; they call an action morally good inasmuch as it satisfies our appetite for the Ultimate Good, God. Beauty, moreover, is a quality of a thing regarded in itself without relation to anything else. Thus we speak of a beautiful landscape of Constable, or a beautiful statue of Michelangelo. We cannot prove an object beautiful, but we can prove an action good or evil even to one who does not already know its moral character.

But all this is Chinese to our atheist professor, who would build his moral edifice without its foundation stone, God. We advise him to spend some of his leisure moments reading St. Thomas in place of Hartmann, Santayana or Watson.

Mr. Cabot, Professor of Social Ethics at Harvard, asks at the outset of his **Meaning of Right and Wrong**: "Why write another book on ethics?" and he answers: "Because our generation faces new events and new ideas bound to support, destroy or modify the current beliefs about right and wrong." He then enumerates these new events and new ideas, *viz.*, the World War,

the Peace of Versailles, the economic consequences of the War, the career and writings of Gandhi and Freud, the Russian dictatorship, and the doubts about present-day capitalistic economy. All of which to our mind present no new ethical problems.

The author devotes a score of chapters to the keeping, the breaking and the interpretations of agreements; the problem of needs and desires; the ethics of lying and professional secrets; due care in fulfilling one's obligations; egoism and altruism; self-deceit and recklessness; ordering and forbidding; inertia, fear, forgetfulness, and worry.

With regard to principles he makes no attempt to define the meaning of good and evil, the absolute character of duty or the criteria of ethics, and never mentions the Ultimate End of human actions, God. He sees no sense in refuting anyone, and believes that the Kantians, the Hedonists, the Intuitionists, the Evolutionists and the Utilitarians have each something essential to contribute to ethical theory! There is an occasional fling at the casuists, although he himself more than once ventures into the field of casuistry, discussing the dilemma of the Captain in Conrad's *Lord Jim*, the responsibility of the Health Board in sending diphtheria serum to Alaska, the behavior of Japan with regard to the Nine-Power agreement in 1931 and 1932.

Breasted asserts in his history of Egyptian morals and religion, The Dawn of Conscience, that "The Egyptian possessed a standard of morals far superior to that of the Decalogue over a thousand years before the Decalogue was printed." Needless to say he does not prove his assertion.

Like most rationalistic specialists he colors his facts with *a priori* theories that deny the fact of revelation, question primitive monotheism, set aside the divine character of the Jewish and Christian religions, and scoff at everything supernatural and miraculous.

The author aims throughout his treatise to show that both Judaism and Christianity borrowed their doctrines, their moral code, and their practices from pagan sources,—with an Egyptologist, that means from Egypt. Like a magician taking rabbits out of a hat, Breasted tells us that the ideas of heaven and hell came from Egypt, as well as the Messianism of the Jew, the Logos of St. John, the Sacrament of Baptism, the "myth" of the Resurrection.

The whole story of the "dawn of conscience" in Egypt is fanciful in the extreme, and Egypt's "superior" moral code on his own record is stamped with worldliness, superstition, sensuality and magic. Credit Egypt, if you will, with a belief in a future life and a judgment hereafter, but remember that its justice was often bought by a superstitious, idolatrous people from a corrupt priesthood. B. L. C.

GK's. A Miscellany of the First 500 Issues of *GK's Weekly*, with an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Coward, McCann. $2.50.

Though *GK's Weekly* was founded with the object of expounding distributism, just as its predecessor the *New Witness* made its main business the exposure of political corruption, both periodicals permitted and even encouraged the ebullience in other directions of its high-spirited contributors. Now a selec-

tion of such things is offered for our delectation. Distributism is not ignored here, but does not weight the book unduly. Because its exposition in the review was generally in relation to some current event, many a brilliant editorial whose interest was necessarily ephemeral had to be left out. Perhaps for the same reason G. K.'s gorgeous poem on General Göring's behavior at the Reichstag fire trial is also excluded.

Among the best pieces included are Father Ronald Knox's ingenious demonstration that Queen Victoria and not Tennyson was the actual author of "In Memoriam," Chesterton's version of "All Through the Night," E. F. P. Bartlett's magnificent drinking-song "A Proper New Ballad Entitled Church and King," and Sister Madeleva's sonnet "Marginalium." Sister Madeleva is not the only American represented; there are no more frequent contributors to *GK's Weekly* than the Macdonald brothers, Gregory and Edward, and their sister Katherine —three brilliant young Bostonians now living in England. Of the older writers we have Hilaire Belloc, Walter de la Mare, Eric Gill, Maurice Baring, Father Vincent McNabb, J. S. Phillimore, and Sir John Squire. J. B. Morton is too well established to be referred to as a young writer, yet one hesitates to place him among those just named. The book is illustrated by cartoons —including work by Low, Will Dyson, Thomas Derrick, and Chesterton himself.

A curious error occurs in Desmond McCarthy's account of the *New Witness*. Despite what he says, the *Eye-Witness* did not go bankrupt because Cecil Chesterton lost the Marconi case, but was continued under his editorship until 1917 when his brother Gilbert became editor, and did not fail until 1921. During most of that period I was writing for the review—kicking up my heels and playing the fool in its indulgent pages. It may be because I look back to that time as to a lost golden age that I wonder whether the files of the *New Witness* would not have yielded things still better than those which (good as they are) have been salvaged for us from *GK's Weekly*. T. M.

The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse. Chosen by H. J. C. Grierson and G. G. Bullough. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.00.

The Oxford Books of Verse are, all told, the finest anthologies in the language. The format is uniformly beautiful and the editors' work almost beyond criticism. That is especially the case with the volume under review, the latest and final contribution to the series.

The editors declare that the greater body of seventeenth-century verse is troubled and made at times to sound "a harsh and dolorous note" by the intrusion of the intellect, a spirit of inquiry impatient of traditional, conventional sentiment. Thus it lacked the power to give such pure delight as Spenser and the Elizabethans and in consequence suffered something of an eclipse for the greater part of two centuries.

A moment's comparison between the space allotted certain poets in Ward's *English Poets* (1855) and in the anthology under review will reveal the striking change in taste which has developed during the past half century. Quarles and Henry King are omitted by Ward but are given twelve and nine pages respec-

tively by Grierson. Ward gives Marvell ten, Grierson, twenty-nine pages; Ward gives Drayton seven, Grierson, thirty pages. Ward lumped together the religious poets, Sandys, Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan, with respectively, one, six, three, and four and a half pages, while Grierson's respective allotments are of four, twenty-seven, thirty-five, and twenty-eight pages, a total of fifteen pages as compared with ninety-four! Donne (with his "tormented and at times monstrous wit") is immensely significant: Ward gives him six, Grierson, fifty-eight pages! Excluding anonymous poets thirty-five are quoted by Ward and one-hundred-and-six by Grierson.

"Since the truth of poetry is truth of feeling not of statement, the curious wit of Donne, the conceits and hyperboles of Shakespeare, Carew, Crashaw, the fancies of Herrick and Marlowe, the homely and pious dreams of Herbert and other religious poets, the high reasoning of Milton, the eloquent compliments and virile arguments of Dryden must ultimately be appraised as poetry."

That task of appraisal has been performed with such taste and judgment by the present editors that the *Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse* is a veritable treasure-house.

J. J. R.

The History of Spain. 711-1931. By Louis Bertrand and Sir Charles Petrie, Bart. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. $4.00.

A white charger sunk in the mire up to his jeweled saddle; a mantle of cloth of gold embroidered with rubies and emeralds; one silvered boot—these were all the vestiges ever found of Rodrigo, King of the Visigoths after the battle which gave Spain to the Arabs for seven hundred years; and it is Rodrigo's romantic disappearance which chiefly impressed the Mussulman historians of the conquest. M. Bertrand's main thesis is to contest the debt which Spain is popularly supposed to owe the Arabs. The perpetual raids against the Christians and against rival chieftains with the wholesale destruction which was the first rule of Arab warfare are responsible, he feels, for the general aridity of the Spanish peninsula once the richest of Roman provinces. The stigma of cruelty he traces to the same root. Although so much has been said for the culture of the Arabs, their universities were mere schools of Mohammedan theology; Averroës was exiled and spat upon and famous libraries were burned by the more orthodox rulers. Bertrand even suggests that the delicious arabesques in the Alahambra were the work of Christian captives or converted native artisans who inherited the Visigothic tradition. He believes that Ferdinand and Isabella were forced to expel the entire alien population of Jews and Arabs as the Mohammedan menace which threatened all Europe was far too crucial.

It was certainly not till after the Conquest of Granada that Spain reached her zenith when the New Man of the Renaissance was essentially the Spaniard. A cosmopolitan, knowing the secrets of three continents as no Pullman car traveler can know them; building his palaces with timber and rich metals from the Americas, adorning them with treasures from the Netherlands and Italy, he had fought his own way through terrible crises and had proved with his own ships the foolishness of the great teachers of antiquity,—in him was born the

individualist and the skeptic. He was also a realist in art and literature. Velasquez exemplifies both the magnificence and democracy of Madrid where every man was a hidalgo and immigrant labor blacked his boots. M. Bertrand's brilliant combination of philosophy and graphic detail is lacking in the continuation by Sir Charles Petrie, who brings the work down from Philip II. to the present day. He is rather dry reading but he does point out that only under foreign rulers—the Visigoths, Arabs, Bourbons and Hapsburgs—has Spain ever achieved a strong centralized government.

E. VR. W.

America's Hour of Decision. By Glenn Frank. New York: Whittlesey House—McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc. $2.50.

To Glenn Frank, the question that emerges from the events of the time is this: Can we ride the storm without subjecting the American order of private enterprise and political liberty to superficial changes that may bring ultimate ruin? The book is not a partisan document. It does not concern itself with details of current legislation, but deals with the broad trends of American life. On the whole, the author is optimistic, despite his regret at certain disheartening departures from sound tradition in respect of democracy, education and religion. His comments on the passing scene are those of an alert, high-spirited, broad-minded man devoted to American institutions and hopeful of the future.

Greatly impressed by the report made by President Hoover's Research Committee of Recent Social Trends, the author feels that it dramatizes as no document before or since has dramatized, the fatal lag between our own old policies and our new problems. What America of to-morrow is to be like will depend upon whether the forces of inflexible tradition or the forces of flexible intelligence direct our affairs in the days immediately ahead. Inflexible tradition would force us to choose between revolution and a dictatorship. Revolution would be a gamble with vast uncertainties; and the danger latent in a dictatorship is that we should suffer the tragic loss of those liberties without which we would be at best a nation of contented slaves. If, on the other hand, flexible intelligence prevails, we must, under responsible leadership, adjust our national life to what is practically a totally new order. A list of these adjustments in more or less general terms are given in the closing pages of the book.

To the possible criticism that his observations should be less rhetorical, less poetical and more practical, the author's obvious answer would be that as it stands the book makes easy reading.

J. McS.

General George Brinton McClellan. By William Starr Myers, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. $5.00.

Professor Myers substitles this work "a study in personality," and says more than once that it is not a military biography. He forestalls criticism of possible mistakes by reminding the reader that he is not a military expert. (He is Professor of Politics at Princeton.) Nevertheless, the conviction in the reader's mind after studying his thoroughly documented book is that the military part of it is excellent, that he adds little to the knowledge of McClellan's personality or character, and that

that little produces an impression rather unfavorable than favorable.

It is no news that McClellan was a great organizer. The complaint against him has always been that he was nothing else. It is no news that he was an amiable, even a charming man, and that everybody liked him at sight and had confidence in him. The complaint has always been that against their will some of those who admired him most, such as Lincoln, were obliged to withdraw their confidence. Professor Myers's book, it will surprise him to hear, adds strength to the complaints instead of diminishing their force.

Even that amiability and that charm which everybody has admired in McClellan disappear as Dr. Myers piles up extract after extract from letters in which the General revealed his inmost feelings. One has to keep reminding himself of McClellan's excessive amiability as the cumulative effect of these Thersites screams of hate deepens, in page after page. His misjudgment of his fellow-workers is ludicrous, and his language about them is astounding. He is suspicious of everybody, and attributes, gratuitously, the worst qualities to almost all. For instance, of Lincoln, he writes: "I went to the White House directly after tea, where I found 'the original Gorilla' about as intelligent as ever . . . what a specimen to be at the head of our affairs now!" Of Seward: "It is a terrible dispensation of Providence that so weak and cowardly a thing as that should now conduct our foreign relations." General McDowell he calls "A scoundrel, a liar, and a fool"; General Wadsworth: "A vile treacherous miscreant." And so on endlessly, through the years.

Since Dr. Myers undertakes to present his hero's personality, it has been necessary to deal almost wholly with the impression of that personality which his book creates. It is that of an outwardly beautiful character, corroded within. On the military side, the author leaves McClellan where complaint left him, a splendid organizer and a dilatory warrior. The excuses he offers for the General's inactivity are illustrated best by one of them—that he did not have enough shoes for his men. Neither did Lee.

C. W. T.

A Study of the Development of Negro Education Under Catholic Auspices in Maryland and the District of Columbia. By Michael Francis Rouse (Brother Bede, C.F.X., Ph.D.). Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $1.25.

Catholics have a much more reputable record as regards the Negro in the United States than is generally known, even by those who are supposed to know. Until quite recently, however, Catholic men and women who found it in their hearts to give their lives to the cause of Negro progress found their hands too busy helping, to spare time to write the record. In the present volume, one of the Johns Hopkins Studies in Education, Brother Bede contributes a remarkable chapter to the written record of Catholic effort.

Maryland and New Orleans, with two or three smaller areas in the South, were the only States where Catholics had any chance at all to do something for the Negro. Consequently, Maryland is a fine field for just such an investigation as this study purports to be. Going back to the very beginning of the State, the author first looks over the ground in general, then discusses

the slave as the recipient of Catholic training, searches out the first scattered attempts at Catholic school organization and delineates the development of school work under the impetus given by the founding of the colored Oblate Sisters of Providence, the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, the coming of the Josephite Fathers, and the advent of other Catholic organizations which successfully directed their energies towards the Negro.

The author was fortunate in having at his command original documents from archives not ordinarily available. His style and method are worthy of the teaching organization of Brothers to which he belongs. His study is unreservedly commended as an important contribution to scholarship, as well as an invaluable aid to modern missioners who appeal to the record as an apologetic approach to the Catholic Church's claim for fair consideration of America's 12,000,000 citizens of color. J. T. G.

SHORTER NOTICES

FICTION: **One Light Burning.** By R. H. Hutchinson (New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50). This is a tale of adventure with an undercurrent of idealism. It gets off to a lively start with a series of boisterous scurries engaged in by a devil-may-care Irishman, Sandy Brissault, and Greta, his trusting if somewhat puzzled bride. After a couple of chapters, the author gets down to his main business of leading his hero, Professor Andrew Wild and four trusty companions, on a sort of Byrd Expedition across the frozen spaces of Siberia. They are in search of Franz Grundmann, a lost missionary who is worth the risk of five men of learning because, as Wild says: ". . . when you come to compare essential values . . . man's knowledge of God is more important than his knowledge of man . . . I'm not going to have a mind like Grundmann's lost without making an effort to save it." Their struggle against cold, starvation and hostile Soviet authorities makes a gripping tale. Therefore, we ignore a suspicion that Andrew's love affair smacks of the improbable —unless, indeed, it really means Love and not a love—nor do we loudly complain because the ending is more magically happy than is common in a workaday world.

Time Out of Mind. By Rachel Field (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). So many elements have gone into the making of this book that its engaging quality should not come as a surprise. Rachel Field's picture-making with paint and pencil, her drama-molding on stage and screen, and her signally successful experiences as story teller to children would lead one to hope for an arresting performance when she produced a novel. The appreciation of Americana disclosed by her Newberry Medal book, *Hitty: Her First Hundred Years*, prepared us for the comprehensive sense of locale now found in this her most mature work. And that slim, penetrating document, *God's Pocket*, told us that a portrait of Maine lay waiting for her pen. **Time Out of Mind** is readable from cover to cover. Its theme is the men and ships of Maine, and this is developed in terms of the lives and growth of three central characters: Rissa Fortune, impov-

erished heiress of the ship industry; her brother Nat, who voices it in music; and Kate Fernald, child of nature, whose mission is to love and serve. The book is rich in passages of verbal beauty, and is notably skillful in design. It is, however, wholly alien to our standards of morality.

He Sent Forth a Raven. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts (New York: The Viking Press. $2.50). We close this book doubtful whether we are intended to say: "So this is Kentucky," or "So this is Noah's Ark!" And this sense of frustrated decision has attended most of the episodes, theses and characters, the landscape alone ironically presenting the panoramic clearnss of a Puvis de Chavannes. The theme is allegorical, obscure but powerful enough to rivet attention. Episodes and language are sometimes bluntly frank. The characters are strongly individualized, but taken together they chant a choric adventure in madness. What plot there is deals with the tyrannical rule of Stoner Drake, who has immured himself by a vow never to set foot on earth again and governs his farmland from an upper balcony by means of blasts on a horn, which none dares disobey. Against a background of barnyard realities, of jazzed philosophy with Bach and Mozart interludes, stands forth Drake's healthy, courageous young granddaughter, Jocelle, who, after tragic degradation, by heeding her normal instincts eventually reëstablishes his contact with a world emerging from a devastating War.

The Iron Mother. By Charles Braibant (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50). The vogue for lengthy novels evidently still persists, for Vyvyan Holland now gives us 431 pages of translation of Charles Braibant's study in matriarchal avarice. The central figure is Marlise Bertaud, a racy robust woman, who rules the little French village of Pargny, and who dominates the life of her son, Aimé, so completely that, rather than cross her specific plans for him, he delays for a lifetime the practice of law for which he has fitted himself, and hides from his mother the existence of a mistress whom he wishes to marry and a son whom he longs to legitimatize. As can be imagined, their lives, as well as others in contact with them, are ruined by the fear Aimé feels for his mother's displeasure. There are constantly recurring sneers at religion and frequent descriptions grossly coarse in detail. The tone of the book is, to us, wholly distasteful.

Love in Winter. By Storm Jameson (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50). If Miss Jameson in her five-novel series,—*The Mirror in Darkness*—aims at giving a true picture of post-War England, we hope for the honor of her country, that her picture is a distorted one. For the chief characters in this second volume of the series are a selfish, shameless, sensual, stupid lot. Nearly every man and woman, single and married, glories in "the ecstasy and blind joy" of immorality: Roxby the inane seller of antiques, Harber the heartless industrialist, Penn the heroine's empty-headed husband, Swan the egotistic profascist, Renn the socialist, Hervey the novelist heroine, her chum Georgiana, her friend and coworker Evelyn. Is it fair to blame the War exclusively for the breakdown of English morals? Religion is not so much as mentioned by these modern pagans.

RELIGION: **Letters to Saint Francis and His Friars.** By Helen Walker Homan (New York: Minton, Balch & Co. $2.50). The boldly original and playful style which won instant popularity for Helen Walker Homan's *By Post to the Apostles* is retained in this present series of letters addressed to St. Francis and five of his companions. Her thorough acquaintance with the Saint's history, her whole-souled sympathy with his thoughts, words, deeds and omissions, her gift for carrying familiarity to the very edge of irreverence without ever overstepping, give her pages both solid value and peculiar charm. Three letters she addresses to St. Francis himself, one each to Brothers Bernard, Giles, Juniper, Elias, and Leo, by this device contriving to avoid the charge of monotony which might otherwise be laid against her and to exhaust her store of riches without exhausting the reader. She has written just enough; more would be too much.

St. Brigid of Ireland. By Alice Curtayne (Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Ltd. 3*s.* 6*d.*). Much of Miss Curtayne's success as a biographer comes from the simplicity of her style; yet the discerning reader will readily discover the basis of wide reading and careful scholarship which underlies her work. The present book pretends to be nothing more than a study of St. Brigid based on legendary lore; for in the present stage of Celtic studies no critical life could be attempted. The legends themselves, however, in addition to their beauty reflect, no doubt, the real history of the saint; certainly they enshrine the beliefs of early Christian Ireland. Not much of value has been written about St. Brigid in these modern times, and even in Ireland she is not well known. Until the day when critical study of the Brigidine sources shall be undertaken this little book will no doubt retain its present status as, for all practical purposes, the best available account of the woman who ranks with Patrick and Columcille in the story of Ireland.

Vita Christi. The Third Year: Part II. By Mother St. Paul (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00). Mother St. Paul, continuing her good work of providing simple and devout meditations on the Life of our Lord, presents us now with a series on the last six months of our Lord's public life, excluding the final ten days. The scenes, of course, are laid mainly in Samaria and Judea. A brief foreword reminds us of the way to make a contemplation according to the method of St. Ignatius. Like the preceding volumes, this will be an acceptable and very practical help in the practice of mental prayer.

Evolution of Newman's Conception of Faith. By Rev. John A. Elbert, S.M., Ph.D. (Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press). Father Elbert gives us the result of a careful study of Newman's idea—or rather ideas—as to the nature of faith, prior to his conversion to the Catholic Church. Practicaly every passage in Newman's works dealing with the subject is analyzed with painstaking care. The result of the study, as summed up in the words of the author, is that for a long period Newman, when he spoke of faith, was really referring to the reasoning process which precedes the act of faith. Newman's concept of faith as an intuitive act gradually supplanted the earlier idea and finally prevailed. The author has done his

work with scrupulous care. The references are frequent and clear and the bibliography is ample.

EDUCATION: **Principles of Jesuit Education in Practice.** By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.00). Father Donnelly's latest book is supplementary to two volumes by Father McGuckin and by Dr. Fitzpatrick, the first giving the history and theory of Jesuit education and the second giving source material and early documents. We have here an illustration of the way in which the principles of the Jesuit system are applied in the classroom, particularly in Rhetorica, the final class preceding the university, in which, by the way, Father Donnelly spent most of his teaching life. True to form, the author of the *Art of Interesting*, here again, shows himself possessed of the ability to be thorough and logical and concrete in his teaching. The contrast of this book with many another in the field of pedagogy reminds one of what is rather a characteristic difference between Catholics and non-Catholics. The latter may perhaps have the virtues and they certainly have the limitations of the pioneer; we are followers of a system and heirs of a rich tradition.

Common Sense for Mothers. By Mrs. John S. Reilly (New York: Funk & Wagnall Co. $2.00). Mrs. John S. Reilly, herself the mother of seven children, through her weekly radio talks has established herself as an authority in common sense methods of child care. This present book covers a multiplicity of subjects, from discussions of food for infants to the care of adolescent boys and girls. She rightly gives to the mother the dominant position in the home, insists upon her great responsibility and in an interesting way assists her to equip herself for the job of motherhood. We encounter no wearisome discussion of theories, no worship of illusive fads, but lessons based on the solid foundation of practical wisdom and nicely adjusted to present circumstances by what seems to be an enormous amount of personal experience. There are very few mothers who will not be able to learn much from this book.

Ideal Motherhood. By Dr. Mary Kidd (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. 1 *s.* 6 *d.*). Dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes and acknowledging the help of two well-known Catholic women in England, this little book has been prepared by a woman medical officer for the instruction of expectant mothers. It explains ordinary troubles and symptoms and indicates usual remedies, gives advice on diet, exercise, rest, and the like. It is written in a sympathetic spirit and should be of use to young mothers.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ETHICS: **Parent and Child.** By Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B. and M. Rosa McDonough, Ph.D. (New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. $2.25). The book before us is a notable contribution to the literature of child training. It goes into every phase of that subject, physical, mental, moral, emotional, social, religious, taking account of whatever is good in the findings of child specialists, psychologists, physiologists, sociologists, geneticists and dieticians. It is simple, practical, well-arranged and thorough; and each of its chapters is followed by a list of discussion topics and by brief biographical

references. It summarizes what is best in contemporary publications; it avoids the foolish and often dangerous fadism, so prevalent nowadays; and it enters frankly and wisely into the all-important subject of religious education which most books on child training do not—and cannot—discuss satisfactorily. We regard it as a work of great value to parents, teachers and pastors. The bibliography although not exhaustve, includes a sufficient number of books and articles available in a good library. To the books listed at the end of Chapter XII., on "Undesirable Moral Habits," we would suggest the addition of *Sex Education and Training in Chastity*, by Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap.

Principles of Ethics. By Dom Thomas Verner Moore, Ph.D., M.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.00). Lippincott's series of manuals for the use of nurses—including more than twenty volumes—has now been supplemented by the addition of Dr. Moore's work on ethics. This particular study began with an investigation into the problems actually occurring in the lives of nearly a hundred nurses, each of whom kept a daily record. The items mentioned consisted of 2,265 moral problems, and revealed a real need of instruction on ethical principles; and these facts suggested the writing of the present book which grew eventually into a general textbook of practical ethics. The author lays down principles and gives reasons in support of them. Each chapter includes a number of problems from the diaries of nurses. The status of the author as a recognized authority both in the religious and in the scientific field is a matter of general knowledge. He has given us precisely the sort of book needed by a student seeking not only a correct solution of daily moral problems, but also a serious, reasoned discussion of the fundamental principles involved.

Catechism of Psychology for Nurses. By Rev. Hilarion Duerk, O.F.M. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.00). Father Duerk, in the course of his duties as teacher of psychology in a school for nurses, faced a double difficulty—the time allotted to psychology was little, the available textbooks were big. Having undertaken the preparation of this text, he decided for the convenience of both instructors and students to put it in catechetical form. He presents the principles of Scholastic psychology and introduces comments upon modern theories as, for example, behaviorism and psychoanalysis. The catechetical form of course has disadvantages as well as advantages; a short answer can easily be misunderstood. For example, from the answer given in Chapter II., page 70, a student might conclude that the cultivation of reflexes is wrong.

Social Studies: Capitalism Carries On. By Walter Pitkin (New York: Whittlesey House-McGraw-Hill Book Co. $1.75). Nothing, if not original, Mr. Walter Pitkin, guided by his hunch that "One hundred million people can't be right," has looked into the rumors of the disappearance of capitalism and finds them enormously exaggerated. All that capitalism needs, he believes, is to desert old overworked fields and go a-pioneering, for contrary to an often repeated generalization, much fresh territory still remains to be opened up. The author is always interesting, frequently picturesque,

occasionally caustic, ever a cheerful guesser. Referring to "Hoover's amateur philosophizing," he quotes from *The Challenge of Liberty* a passage "every phrase of which is false to the point of silliness." He is condescending towards "poor old Al Smith." He distrusts planned economy as guesswork regimentation, and misrepresents Christianity as naïvely—although not as bitterly—as an old-fashioned Socialist would. The future, he looks upon as an issue between technology, moving toward the reëstablishment of the middle class, and politics, moving toward mass rule.

Mobilizing for Chaos. By O. W. Riegel (New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50). Mr. Riegel, formerly connected with the *Chicago Tribune* and now director of Journalism at Washington and Lee University, tells a rather depressing story of the steady development of official propaganda throughout the world. In South America and the Far East, in Japan, in Russia, in Germany and in Italy, public opinion is mobilized nowadays almost as methodically as a military force in time of war. Reuters, Wolff's, Havas, Press Associations, radio news services, telegraph and cable companies, all coöperate to some extent in the alteration or suppression of actual facts. Even the League of Nations is not wholly innocent. The American press is making itself increasingly vulnerable to some form of control. A practical program to preserve freedom and to protect minority opinion might have to include the destroying of the big newspapers, and therefore it would be difficult of realization. The title of the book finds its justification in the author's belief that dictatorships tend first to abolish freedom of speech, then to enchain human intelligence through propaganda, and then to gird for war.

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

B. M. K.: Blanche Mary Kelly, Litt.D., poet and critic, Professor of English, College of Mount St. Vincent, New York; former editorial manager of the *Catholic Encyclopedia;* author of *The Valley of Vision, Mary the Mother*, etc.

C. McC.: Camille McCole, writer and critic, Professor of English, St. John's University, Brooklyn; Lecturer at College of St. Elizabeth, Convent Station, N. J.; at Notre Dame College, Staten Island and at Hunter College, New York City.

C. W. T.: Charles Willis Thompson, author, Scarsdale, N. Y.; former editor of the *Review of Books* and political correspondent for *The New York Times*; author of *Presidents I Have Known, The Fiery Epoch*, etc.

E. VR. W.: Euphemia Van Rensselaer (Mrs. Christopher) Wyatt, playwright, literary and dramatic critic, New York City; author of *Monica*, etc.

J. J. R.: Joseph J. Reilly, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of English and Librarian, Hunter College, New York City; author of *Newman as a Man of Letters, Dear Prue's Husband and Other People*, etc.

J. LaF.: Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., writer and critic, New York City; Associate Editor of *America*, chaplain of the Catholic Interracial Council and of the Liturgical Arts Association.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator; Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *Be of Good Heart, A Primer of Prayer*, etc.

J. T. G.: Rev. John T. Gillard, S.S.J., Ph.D., editor of *The Colored Harvest*, Baltimore, Md.; author of *The Catholic Church and the American Negro*, etc.

T. M.: Theodore Maynard, Ph.D., Litt.D., poet and essayist, Professor of English, Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.: author of *Carven from the Laurel Tree, De Soto and the Conquistadores*, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Redirecting Education. Vols. I. and II. Edited by Rexford G. Tugwell and Leon H. Keyserling. $3.00 each.

COWARD-MCCANN, New York:

Two Plays: Not for Children and *Between Two Worlds.* By Elmer Rice. $2.50.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., New York:

The Kings of Beacon Hill. By Christine Whiting Parmenter. $2.00. *Michelangelo the Man.* By Donald Lord Finlayson. $3.50.

GINN & Co., New York:

Elementary History of the United States. By Thomas Bonaventure Lawler. 84 cents.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., New York:

The Chronicles of Barabbas. 1884-1934. By George H. Doran. $3.50.

HARPER & BROS., New York:

A Better Economic Order. By Right Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan, D.D. $2.50.

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